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SATURDAY, JANUARY 4, 1958.

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COMMENT OF THE DAY

DULLES AND BAGDAD PACT

THE American Secretary of State, Mr. John Foster Dulles' decision to attend the Baghdad Pact conference is likely to bring the United States closer to the alliance.

On the surface it would appear that Mr. Dulles intends to take a closer personal interest in the affairs of the "Northern Tier" alliance and that there is no intention of asking for full membership.

At the moment the United States is only a member of the various committees and to openly declare itself for alliance membership might alienate the sympathy of Arab states such as Egypt and Saudi Arabia which are bitterly opposed to the pact.

Mr. Dulles will therefore attend the Ankara meeting as an observer, but he probably wishes to handle plans for greater co-ordination between Nato and other regional organisations. This was one of the major issues taken up at the Nato "summit" meeting in Paris last month.

Sufficient

HOWEVER at this juncture the State Department is against the establishment of any new machinery for such co-operation, maintaining that the present links are sufficient for the purpose without upsetting the Arab nations not connected with the alliance.

But Mr. Dulles' presence will bring the United States much closer to it—so close, in fact, that the difference between the full members and the United States will be infinitesimal.

Effective Western policy in general can be more effectively pursued if the present position of the Baghdad Pact is maintained as there would also be a strong possibility that Israel might make demands for a formal treaty if the United States linked itself with Iraq.

Speculative reports to the effect that Mr. Dulles will announce plans in Ankara to counter Soviet economic aid to the Middle East countries can also be discounted as it would be undiplomatic to launch an economic programme at the meeting.

RELEASE OF BRITISH PLANE

Albanian Govt Agrees To Free It Today

Bolgrade, Jan. 3.

The Albanian Government has promised to release tomorrow the British Skymaster aircraft forced down in Albania on Tuesday, the British Embassy announced here tonight.

Malta Strike Called Off

Valetta, Jan. 3.

Malta's 12,000 naval dockyard workers struck today in protest against dismissals—but went back when the British contracting firm of George Wimpey offered jobs to the men discharged.

Anxiety about redundancy at the dockyard, mainly of the island's economy, has caused a political crisis with Mr. Dom Mintoff, the Prime Minister, threatening to cut all ties with Britain.

The protest strike began soon after midday when 30 men had drawn their last pay-packets, and it was at first stated that the stoppage would last only for the afternoon. Then the men said they would remain out indefinitely.

CHANGED MINDS

But the offer by the firm of Wimpey, who are contractors for an Admiralty underground oil storage depot, made the strikers change their minds again and agree to return.

Previously, Wimpeys had said they would take on 10 men forthwith and up to 120 by the end of this month. But they revised this today and said they would take on all the 30 discharged workers, and also 100 others due to lose their dockyard jobs in the next few weeks.—Reuter.

NOTED SCIENTIST DEFECTS TO WEST

Washington, Jan. 3.

Dr. Jerzy Leon Nowinski, international known Polish scientist, has defected to the West and was granted asylum in the United States yesterday, the Attorney-General, Mr. William Rogers, announced today.

Dr. Nowinski is a specialist in thermoelectricity, a field of mathematical theory involving the stresses and strains on metals and other materials under varying temperature conditions.

Studies in that field are regarded as especially important in dealing with the problem of air friction, heat encountered in jet aviation, rocketry and handling extreme temperatures of atomic reactions.

ASYLUM

Dr. Nowinski is understood to be familiar with Soviet achievements in these fields.

The Attorney-General made the announcement in a speech to the National Press Club. He said that asylum in the United States would be granted to Dr. Nowinski's wife, Maria Franciszka, and their seven-year-old daughter, Kristina, both of whom are now in England.

The Attorney-General said that Dr. Nowinski who was 52 years old, received a degree of doctor of technical science from Warsaw Technical University in 1951, and had been a professor at the University of Warsaw for the last seven years.

Mr. Rogers said that Dr. Nowinski last autumn obtained permission to visit the United States to give a series of lectures at John Hopkins University.

Soon after Dr. Nowinski's arrival in the US in mid-October, he received word that his wife and daughter had reached England.

Mr. Rogers said that Dr. Nowinski then contacted the Baltimore office of the Federal Bureau of Investigation and asked for asylum in the United States.

LACK OF FREEDOM

"He told the FBI," the Attorney-General said, "that he desired not to return to Poland because of the lack of freedom and extremely poor living conditions in that country, despite the preferred treatment which he had been accorded because of his professional standing."

"Another influential factor was his aversion to placing his daughter in Communist schools," Reuter.

Car Buried

Barrie, Ont., Jan. 3.

Robert Boxwell reported to police that his car had been stolen from the parking lot in which he left it.

Three hours later Boxwell trudged back to the police station to call off the alarm. He found the car, where he'd left it, but buried in snow by a passing snow-plow.—United Press.

Reason For Marshal Rokossovski's Transfer

LESSENING OF TENSION IN MIDDLE EAST

Moscow, Jan. 3.

Marshal Nikolai Bulganin, Soviet Prime Minister, said here tonight that it was "correct" to understand that the call of Marshal Konstantin Rokossovski to Moscow was an indication of lessening tension in the Middle East.

The Prime Minister was talking to correspondents at a reception at the Burmese Embassy. It was announced yesterday that Marshal Rokossovski had been relieved of his duties as commander of the Trans-Caucasian military area, bordering Turkey, to resume his former post of Soviet Deputy Defence Minister.

At tonight's reception Marshal Bulganin was standing with the Deputy Prime Minister, Mr. Anastas Mikoyan, when he was asked by a correspondent whether Marshal Rokossovski's transfer meant that the Turkish-Syrian situation had changed for the better.

Good Understanding

Before Marshal Bulganin could reply, Mr. Mikoyan said: "What a good understanding he has of affairs."

This caused laughter, and further jocular remarks by Mr. Mikoyan were demanded.

Then Marshal Bulganin raised his hand in a sobering gesture and said: "But seriously—you understand the matter correctly."

The reception was being held to mark the tenth anniversary of Burma's independence.

Earlier, proposing a toast to Burmese-Soviet friendship, the Prime Minister spoke of Soviet sympathy for the struggle of Burma.

The toast came a few minutes after he had been seen chatting amiably with the British Ambassador, Sir Patrick Reilly.

Sputnik

Marshal Bulganin, referring to press reports that sputnik one might have fallen in Australia, said the satellite was not expected to fall until January 6 or 8.

Answering further questions he said Russia was still waiting for pieces of the satellite's carrier rocket to be returned from where they had fallen in America.—Reuter.

WHAT A THREAT!

Capetown, Jan. 2.

An irate cricket fan today sent a telegram to Ken Viljoen, manager of the South African cricket side, warning him that if his team did not do better against the Australians in the series of Test matches "I'll put my mother-in-law on to you."

South Africa are one down after two Test matches against Australia.—China Mail Special.

Railwaymen To Press Wage Claims

London, Jan. 2.

Three unions representing 450,000 British railwaymen will press pay claims on January 14, it was learned today.

The claims—already rejected once by the British Transport Commission—will go to the Railway Staff National Council, a body within the State-run industry which has power to settle the claims.

If no agreement is reached there, the matter will go to arbitration, a National Union of Railwaymen spokesman said today.

The NUR is demanding a "substantial increase."

The Associated Society of Locomotive Engineers and Firemen have asked for a 10 per cent rise, and the Transport and General Workers' Union has asked for a "substantial review."

All three unions want a shorter work week as well.

Mr. Peter Thornycroft, Chancellor of the Exchequer, has told the British Transport Commission that the Government will give it no extra money for pay increases.—Reuter.

Intellectual Organisation Dissolved

Budapest, Dec. 3.

The Mihaly Tancsis Circle of Hungarian intellectuals and its weekly organ, Magyarorszag, have been dissolved, the MTI Hungarian news agency announced today.

The agency quoted the final issue of the discontinued paper, dated December 31, as saying that the Tancsis Circle had completed its task of "rallying forces, under the direction of the party, to lead the counter-attack on the cultural and ideological front against counter-revolutionaries and revisionists."

The Tancsis Circle had been formed to replace the former Petofi Circle, of writers and other intellectuals, which became a centre for the Hungarian revolt in 1956.—France Press.

Best Tips For Today's Valley Races

By "Rapier"

RACE 1

Caravelle
Pier of Hongkong
Matador
Outsider:—Dilkoosh.

RACE 2

Beautiful Phoenix
Hallmark
Flying Dutchman
Outsider:—Million Dollar.

RACE 3

Permanent View
Pandora
Winsome
Outsider:—Haja.

RACE 4

Shilleagh
Balkan Monarch
Belinda
Outsider:—Hollon.

RACE 5

Queen's Parchment
As You Wish
Stratblan
Outsider:—Aviemore.

RACE 6

No Surprise
Golden Branch
Silver Wing
Outsider:—Welcome.

RACE 7

Neyer Mind
Easy Win
Sliverly Yours
Outsider:—Knock-down.

RACE 8

Eureka
Supreme Command
Diamond Dahlia
Outsider:—Bayshore.

By "The Turt"

RACE 1

Caravelle
Matador
Good Girl
Outsider:—Oat.

RACE 2

Hallmark
Flying Dutchman
Wise Leader
Outsider:—Beautiful Phoenix.

RACE 3

Pandora
Reja
Permanent View
Outsider:—Babie.

RACE 4

Rosa
Shilleagh
Balkan Monarch
Outsider:—Glory.

RACE 5

Queen's Parchment
Kelpie
Stratblan
Outsider:—Desert Hero.

RACE 6

Silver Wing
No Surprise
Welcome
Outsider:—Ben Lomond.

RACE 7

Alendale
Nashua
Easy Win
Outsider:—Edinburgh.

RACE 8

Eureka
Diamond Dahlia
Thousand Miles
Outsider:—French Bean.

OUR TEASER TIP

For Race 5

You will get this if you stand in one place.

Our Teaser Tip for last Wednesday "The last two letters of the alphabet got mixed with this car" (Reynz) was unplaced.

Revenge Killings In Cyprus

Nicosia, Jan. 3.

The murder of three Cypriot Turks in Paphos forest last December 5, which Turkish leaders attributed to political killings by EOKA terrorists, were pronounced at the inquest today to have been revenge killings.

The coroner said that one of the three murdered Turks, Halil Dervish, had assaulted a girl

of his village a year and a half ago, and her family had not forgiven him. Dervish himself reportedly expressed fears that the family might kill him. The coroner said that Dervish was ambushed and killed, and the two men accompanying him were probably killed also to prevent them from identifying the attackers.—France Press.

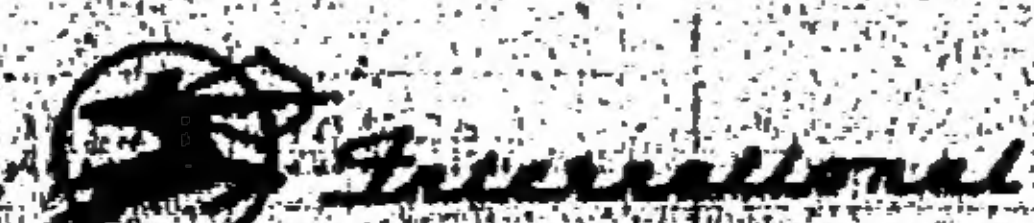


There are so many things to see

Such lovely things, both East and West:
Pray, won't you travel there with me?

- ★ From HONG KONG to EUROPE every Wednesday & Sunday.
- ★ 7 flights a week to EUROPE from BOMBAY.
- ★ Choice of stopovers in CALCUTTA, BOMBAY, BEIRUT, DAMASCUS, CAIRO, ROME, PRAGUE, DUSSELDORF, ZURICH, GENEVA, PARIS.
- ★ 2 flights a week from HONG KONG to TOKYO.
- ★ Choice of First & Tourist Class.
- ★ Every First Class seat a full Stewardess.
- ★ Easy connections to cities all over the world.
- ★ Wonderful Super-G Constellation flights and Radar comforts.

AIR-INDIA



BACARDI Carta Blanca RUM



"BACARDI COCKTAIL"
1 measure Bacardi Rum
Juice of 1/2 lime (or lemon)
2 dashes Grenadine Syrup
Shake well with cracked ice and strain.

Imported by CALDECK, MACGREGOR & CO., LTD.
2 Queen's Road, HONG KONG

KING'S PRINCESS

• TO-DAY •



3:10 to YUMA

GLENN FORD-VAN HEFLIN
FELICIA FARRScreen Play by WALTER NEALE - Based on a story by LAMONT JOHNSON
Directed by DELIA DAVIDS - Produced by JERRY WELLS - A COLUMBIA PICTURE

EXTRA MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW

At 11.00 a.m.

A Variety Programme of
"Tom & Jerry" Technicolor Cartoons

Presented by M-G-M

Admission: \$1.00, \$1.50



To-morrow at 12.10 p.m.

Special Matinee

M-G-M's Powerful Drama
Doris Day & James Cagney in
"LOVE ME OR LEAVE ME"

in Colour and CinemaScope

Admission: \$1.00, \$1.50



To-morrow at 12.30 p.m.

Special Matinee

M-G-M present
Gregory Peck & Jane Wyman in
"THE YEARLING"

A Prize Technicolor Film

Admission: \$1.00, \$1.50

AIR-CONDITIONED
STAR THEATRE METROPOLE

SHOWING TO-DAY

AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW
STAR: At 11.00 a.m. METROPOLE: At 11.00 a.m.
Fox Technicolor Universal Technicolor
CARTOONS CARTOONSAt Reduced Prices
STAR: At 12.30 p.m. METROPOLE: At 12.30 p.m.
20th Century-Fox Dean Martin
presents Jerry Lewis
In CinemaScope 55
& Color
"CAROUSEL" "THAT'S MY BOY"
Starring: Gordon MacRae A Paramount Picture
Shirley Jones For Young & Old!

At Reduced Prices

HOOVER LIBERTY

CAVEWAY BAY TEL 78371 ROWLOON TEL 80448 80848

SHOWING TO-DAY 2.30, 5.20, 7.30
AS PRESENTED AT THE ROYAL PERFORMANCE and 9.40 p.m.

SPECIAL SUNDAY MATINEE - REDUCED ADMISSION

HOOVER at 12.00 noon LIBERTY at 12.30 p.m.
Columbia Variety Programme Patricia Medina
3-STOOGES COMEDIES John Sande in
Cartoons & Trivia John Sande in
"ALADIN AND HIS LAMP"

Anthony Fuller's Column

A HAPPY New Year to you. I thought that you might like to read a letter I received from Pinewood just before the studios began a short Christmas holiday.

I have been plaguing them about stuff on the Titanic film they are making. The trouble is I always expect others to be as obsessed by certain subjects as I am.

The Titanic is only one of many as this column must have revealed. The nineties, the roaring-twenties, Scott Fitzgerald, are three subjects I am working on and anxious to see the film people take up.

However, perhaps you'd like to read part of this long letter which arrived with the mail from England, along with the Christmas cards.

Speaking of the set for the Titanic, my correspondent goes on:-

"Edwardian ladies, superbly gowned, stood in groups with their impeccably dressed gentlemen, and there was a low murmur of conversation. Nearby, a steel stairway turned up and up again until it disappeared in the shadows of the roof of the huge sound stage. And then a door opened and I saw the luxurious interior of the 'Titanic's' first-class lounge, set at such a crazy angle that I wondered how the actors could keep their balance at all."

"I felt quite ill after working on that set for a few hours. One of the Edwardian ladies told me. 'It has the most extraordinary effect to move or stand on a long slope for so long. I almost feel that one of my legs is longer than the other now.'"

"Kenneth More, heading the cast, joined us.

"Like me part? Certainly," he told me. "I play the part of Lightoller, an officer who survived... in fact he died only a few years ago. I've met his son and he was very helpful."

"Another of the Titanic's officers who survived was a young man named J. G. Boxhall. Fourth Officer Boxhall was one of the officers on the watch when an iceberg ripped out the underbelly of the great ship today he is acting as technical adviser on the Pinewood Production of the world's worst-ever shipping disaster."

"It will be interesting to see myself as I was 45 years ago," he said.

"There's an amazing amount of authentic and detailed information to be had," put in the



Headaches Toothaches Colds are quickly overcome by

CASASPIN

Please note change of times To-day at 2.30, 5.10, 7.30 & 9.40 p.m.

THE HEMINGWAY LOVE STORY, THAT SHOCKED THE WORLD

TYONE POWER-AVA GARNER
MAY FERRER-ETHEL FLYNN
ENID ALBERT

THE HEMINGWAY LOVE STORY, THAT SHOCKED THE WORLD

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THE HEMINGWAY LOVE STORY, THAT SHOCKED THE WORLD

TYONE POWER-AVA GARNER
MAY FERRER-ETHEL FLYNN
ENID ALBERT

film's director, Roy Baker. William MacQuitty, the producer, has had letters from survivors all over the world. Did you know that a luxury suite aboard the Titanic cost £850? Equal to about £2,000 today. Quite a packet for one voyage from England to New York."

Unfortunately, that is all I am told at the moment about this so intriguing drama, and almost all my questions are still unanswered.

Incidentally, another person extremely interested in the Titanic is Walter Harbour in account of Pearl Harbour is just finishing in the pages of our fellow journal, The South China Sunday Post-Herald. Lord has written a book on the subject, "A Night to Remember," but even he fails to answer the question I asked, and nobody either will or can answer. Who over-ruled Captain Smith, and caused him to fling the ship at the iceberg in spite of the fact that plenty of warnings had been given?

However, my correspondent must have broken off for lunch, for he goes on:-

"Lunching in the Stars' Restaurant at Pinewood nowadays is an experience with nothing narrowly British or insular about it. In fact I saw actors and actresses not only from Europe but from the Far East, too."

"Tao Chin, captivating young Chinese actress, at a few tables away with her brother. Both have just finished important roles in 'Violent Playground,' a film which depicts the new method of fighting juvenile crime which has been so successful in the tough English port of Liverpool."

"Deep in conversation with producer Betty Box sat a lovely Japanese girl. 'Who is she?' I asked, and my companion said 'Yoko Tani. She flew in from Paris today for a conference with Betty Box before she begins work on 'The Wind Cannot Read,' opposite Dirk Bogarde."

"Dirk himself was being interviewed by a Belgian journalist while he lunched. Hardy Knox, young German star, arrived with producer John Whittle. 'What has Hardy come back to Pinewood for?' I asked and received the reply, 'Oh, just to talk over future plans Julian.'"

This did not make sense to me at all, then I remembered that Julian Whittle produced Hardy's first British film, 'The One That Got Away.' I saw it yesterday, you will be seeing it soon."

REFERRING to his appearance in "Les Girls," Gene Kelly writes about his choice of a song-and-dance role, rather than one of the many dramatic roles offered him.

"I hope I shall be lucky enough to appear in both types of movie, but I don't feel myself. I feel I know more about dancing than I do about acting. I've been at it longer."

Actually, it takes a simple look at the record to reveal how Gene Kelly is one of the most versatile actors in the game today.

His appearance with Mita Geynor, Kay Kendall, and Tina Elg in "Les Girls," clinched a career that has seen him achieve success as a dancer, singer, actor, writer, director, producer, and choreographer.

"But if I had to confine myself to just one area of the show business," avers Gene Kelly, "it would certainly be dancing. An actor has a chance to create a character out of his role, and a director must call upon his imagination to create an illusion in a scene."

But the dancer is able to express joy and sadness, or almost any emotion, simply by a wave of the hand."

IT began at Pinewood on the set of "Windom Way," during a lull between the takes. Young Malayan film extra, Sammy San, was idly strumming out on his guitar a tune he had written.

Stars Peter Finch, Mary Ure, and Natasha Parry exchanged amused glances... started humming. Technicians joined in. Everyone on the set joined in... except Glasgow-born actor John Curney who remained silent. He scribbled on a piece of paper.

When the impromptu concert was over, he strolled up with the piece of paper in his hand. "Here are some of the lyrics I've written for your tune," he said, "like to try them?" Sammy

nodded... reached for his guitar. That moment a new song-writing team was born. The news got around. And now they have recorded four of their songs for HMV.

The titles are, "Two Strangers," "Your Trusting Love," "A Certain Girl I Know," and "Never Be Alone."

THERE will be a switch for the famous "Blue Lamp" team. Producer Michael Relph, and director Basil Dearden, will swap jobs for their next film for the Rank Organisation... Dearden will produce, and Relph will direct. "BROADWAY," the film which goes into production, early in the new year, is from Sir Compton Mackenzie's new book, "Rockets Galore." It follows "Violent Playground," which this team has just completed.

NEW FILMS AT A GLANCE

SHOWING

QUEEN'S & ALHAMBRA: "Sweet Smell of Success." A glamour tour of Paris with Christine Carver and a host of Parisian beauties. HOOVER & LIBERTY: "Les Girls." Gene Kelly, Mita Geynor, Kay Kendall, and Tina Elg in a colourful romp in Paris.

LEE & ASTOR: Norman Wisdom involved in an "accumulator" problem which brings him an embarrassing win. Along with Margaret Rutherford, and Jill Dixon.

COMING

QUEEN'S & ALHAMBRA: "Dangerous Exile." A colourful cloak and dagger film of the time of the French Revolution. Belinda Lee, Louis Jourdan, and Keith Michell.

HOOVER & LIBERTY: "House of Numbers." Jack Palance in a getaway story of an break from San Quentin Prison. LEE & ASTOR: "The Helen Morgan Story." The story of the Goddess of the Jazz Age. Ann Blyth, Paul Newman, and Richard Carlson.

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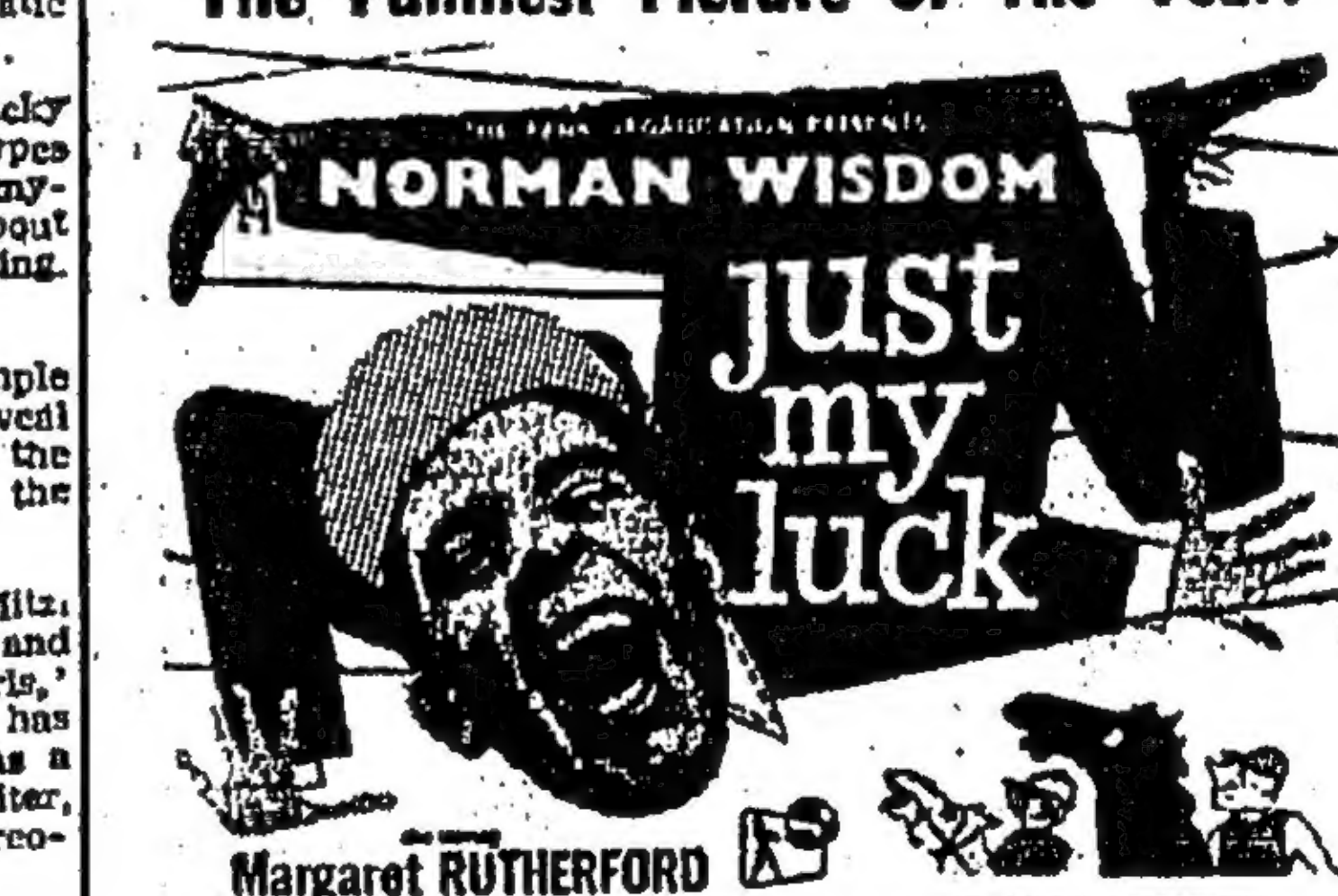
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Lee & Astor
Tel. 72436 Tel. 67777SHOWING TO-DAY
4 SHOWS AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

The Funniest Picture of The Year!

Margaret RUTHERFORD
JILL DIXONLEE THEATRE Morning Show To-morrow
At 12.00 NoonA special programme of
"FOR YOUR ENTERTAINMENT"ALSO
TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS from W.B.
At Reduced Prices: 50 Cts., 70 Cts. & \$1.00ASTOR THEATRE MORNING SHOW
TO-MORROW

TOM & JERRY COLOUR CARTOONS

At 12.30 p.m.
BURT LANCASTER in
"FLAME AND ARROW
in Technicolor"

COMING SOON

HELEN MORGAN—her songs—her sins.

the Helen Morgan Story

ANN BLYTH PAUL NEWMAN RICHARD CARLSON
Directed by MICHAEL CURTIZ

QUEEN'S & ALHAMBRA

• TO-DAY •



LOVELY CHRISTINE CARVER

and a host of PARISIAN BEAUTIES

• SUNDAY MORNING SHOWS •
QUEEN'S AT 11.30 A.M.W-B presents
"THE ANIMAL WORLD"in Color
AT REDUCED PRICES

ALHAMBRA AT 11.00 A.M.

M-G-M presents
ROBERT TAYLOR • KAY KENDALL in
"QUENTIN DURWARD"CinemaScope — Technicolor
AT REDUCED PRICES

ROXY & BROADWAY

• FINAL SHOWING TO-DAY •
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.HALF-ANGEL HALF-DEVIL
she made him HALF-A-MAN!!!

RKO-SCOPE

THE UNHOLY WIFE

TECHNICOLOR

DIANA DORS • ROD STEIGER

TOM TRYON REGULAR BONDI

AN RKO RADIO PICTURE

RETURN ENGAGEMENT TO-MORROW
BY POPULAR DEMANDThe most WONDERFUL Entertainment
that ever captivated your heart!PAT BOONE
SUSLEY JONES

April Love

TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW
ROXY: At 12.00 Noon BROADWAY: At 12.30 p.m.

"SUPERMAN AND SCOTLAND YARD"

A Fox Thriller! First Showing in the Colony!
At Reduced PricesBROADWAY: To-morrow Special Morning Show
At 11.00 a.m.UNIVERSAL TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS
At Reduced Prices

CAPITOL RITZ

FINAL TO-DAY
AT 2.30, 4.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.KING OF EVERY GUN
ON THE WEST!CHUCK CLARK
THE KING OF THE WEST!TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW
AT 12.00 NoonSHOWING TO-DAY
AT 2.30, 4.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.BURNING OUT OF THE WEST!
KANGAROO

KANGAROO

KANGAROO

KANGAROO

KANGAROO

Interesting News Stories From All Parts Of The World

A HARD YEAR FOR THE 'WORD MEN'

This Ghost Went Wandering

Oxford. Oxford's "ghost" was laid to rest last week—in his own room. The "ghost" turned out to be a 19-year-old law student who doubles as a jazz guitarist.

For almost a week, Oxford authorities have been bothered by complaints of "strange happenings" in unoccupied rooms in various colleges.

The explanation, given by the unidentified student to a reporter, was simple. He returned to Oxford and discovered that his room had gone up by ten shillings a week. He couldn't afford it, so he moved out. He couldn't afford anything else either.

SETTLED DOWN

So, at dusk each night, he wandered into a college, found an unoccupied room, and settled down. Each morning, quite early, he left.

By this time, there were too many ghost stories, so he went and got another room in town.

Now, the only ghost thing left about him was his identity. When he "confessed" he used a pseudonym.

A university authority said he might very well be expelled for his exploits—if anyone knew who he was.—United Press.

REFEREE WAS MENTAL!

Cherry Burton. Members of this Yorkshire Village's football team thought the little man they hired to referee their match had a lot of cheek.

He was so thoroughly unpleasant, in fact, that they complained to the Referees' Association. When the Association said it had never heard of the man, the team did more checking.

It found the "referee" was a patient from a mental institution three miles away.—United Press.

Telegraphic Tabloids

Paris. Police arrested 25-year-old Remy Barrois for imitating an American Army Officer.

His uniform: Khaki trousers, jacket and military hat decorated with the insignia of the Brussels Trolley Corporation.—United Press.

★ ★ ★

London. Kennel Maid, Jean Powers, was hospitalized with a suspected fracture and internal injuries after she was run over by a dog.

She was knocked down and injured when a greyhound ran into her at the finish of a race.—United Press.

★ ★ ★

Derby. A ventriloquist's dummy preached a sermon here.

The Rev. Philip Schofield, a ventriloquist, said he used the dummy, "Jimmy," at a service for 2,000 children "because congregations remember what Jimmy says better than some of the sermons I give in my own voice."—United Press.

★ ★ ★

Bournemouth. Post office sorters were alerted today to watch for an envelope marked "Betty."

Betty mailed her pay envelope and took a letter home.—United Press.

★ ★ ★

Copenhagen. Housewives in Herning complained to city authorities that their washing "was red."

Officials said the discoloration was caused by rust in pipes leading from a recently inaugurated water plant.—United Press.

Sputnik Gave Lexicologists The Jitters

By DOC QUIGG

New York. You think you've got troubles? Consider the plight of the poor fellows who have to decide what new words are to go into our dictionaries every year. Last year has been a nasty year.

"Sputnik" alone is enough to give a dictionary editor the jitters.

Add to it the whole new range of gab coincident with getting out of this world and then try to decide how many of this batch of words are going to be with us for some time.

Put It Off

David Guralnik, Chief Lexicographer and Editor of Webster's New World Dictionary, has solved the Sputnik problem by putting it off.

"We're waiting for it to stabilize itself. Of course, it's the Russian word for satellite," he said.

"The base of the word is the Russian word 'put' meaning road. This is prefixed by 'sat' sound which means with or along with. The 'nik' is the Russian suffix equivalent to the English 'er' or 'ist' as in farmer or journalist.

"So, it breaks down to 'one who goes along the road with a fellow traveler' hence a satellite. When the word was first introduced in American newspapers, it was the American proper name for the first satellite. These came Sputnik II. As of the moment, in English, it is the word for two specific things. But when the first American goes up, what will it be called?"

New Problems

The new defence items also give dictionary men problems.

"We did get Nike and Texas Towers into the dictionary," he said. "After all, a lot of cities were surrounded by Nike bases and the towers were well known, but then we began to be flooded by Redstone and Vanguard and ICBM's and Thor's and Jupiters. We're following a policy of wait and see."

I asked Guralnik what would happen if I made up a word like "sputniked" as in "we were sputniked"—meaning, naturally, "beaten in a contest in which you were never engaged in the first place."

"You start a word like that, and we'll record it," he said. But the entry into the dictionary depends on usage. We'd have to see it in print a number of times and over a period of time. And then, of course, the media in which it appears will be a factor."

There is one word in Guralnik's dictionary which he guesses will take a bit of definition-fixing before long: "Spaceship—a hypothetical rocket-propelled airship for interplanetary travel."

Now Entries

Here are some new entries scheduled for the next printing, early this year:

"Ham," a verb, as in "to ham it up." "Defect," an intransitive verb, as in "the soldier defected." "Gain," as used in hi-fi, meaning signal strength. "Outgoing," in the psychological sense, as in "an outgoing personality." "Trigger," a verb, "his remarks trigger a fight."

But "crash" in the sense of "crash programme" is still in the files. They're waiting to see. So are a lot of other people.—United Press.

IT'S ONLY 74 O'CLOCK

Sturbridge. It was 74 degrees by the church clock at 6:00 PM here. The electrically-controlled church clock wound up for its 5th anniversary and didn't stop ringing until it had banged 74 times.

The villagers said the clock has been doing it every morning at 74 for weeks.—United Press.

JOEY POPPED IN, AND THEN OUT AGAIN

Wilmington. It looked like the end for Joey the budgie bird here.

Joey flew out the window while his owner, Mrs. Margaret Gneyd, was cleaning his cage. He lit on a lawn three doors away—and was immediately stalked by the house cat, a 14-year-old tom cat named Ginger.

Ginger pounced—and Joey was a goner, right into Ginger's mouth. The cat picked up the bird, trotted up to Mrs. Gneyd, and laid him at my feet like a trained retriever," she said.

"Joey didn't get even have a feather ruffled," Mrs. Gneyd said.—United Press.

Bank Sends Flowers Now

Oso. Bankers have furnished a new service for the forgetful wife or husband.

They will automatically send flowers or candy to a wife or husband on a birthday or anniversary. It now is part of the routine banking business, a bank representative said.—United Press.

Good Samaritan?

Copenhagen. Convict Barne Simonsen, 27, who escaped wearing only a short nightshirt, remained free today thanks to a good samaritan who preferred to remain anonymous.

A man on his way home from a party gave Simonsen his coat because, he said, he thought the escapee was "just a little bit intoxicated as I was myself."—United Press.

Does Your Dog Have Problems?

Canine Psychiatrist Will Solve Them All For You

By JOHN D. PARRY

London.

Does your dog have problems? Douglas Appleton who claims to be the world's only canine psychiatrist, will solve them for you.

It's all a matter of how you treat them, he said. Dogs only get neurotic if their owners drive them that way.

Appleton runs a thriving business exporting dogs to the United States and hiring them out as movie actors. On the side, he also psycho-analyzes dogs who find the care of the world too much for them.

Own Neuroses

The main trouble with dogs, he said, is owners. Owners transfer their own neuroses to their pets and pretty soon the dogs just become a mass of inhibitions.

Appleton should know. He makes about £5,000 a year out of dog psychiatry and said he could make more if he devoted more time to it.

Tall and dashingly moustachioed, bachelor Appleton has been in the business only five of his 47 years. After war service as a Royal Air Force pilot he went into engineering before discovering that naturally enough the love of dogs outweighed his love of steel girders.

"I don't keep a dog as a pet," he said. "In business you can't afford to get too sentimental over one particular animal."

"I picked up psychiatry on the side, just watching the way all the dogs in my kennels behave. You learn a lot about

dogs just by picking out those which are anti-social."

"Most dogs are basically uncomplicated creatures," he said. "The trouble is that their owners develop certain anti-social habits and transfer them to the dogs."

"If I have a woman come to me to tell me that her dog doesn't like white Pekinese I always ask her if SHE likes them. Nine times out of ten she doesn't and her hostility is communicated to the dogs."

Appleton gets most of his contacts from discreet advertisements in the London Times and other newspapers. Most owners of neurotic dogs, he said, are quite convinced that no other dogs have problems.

Short Tempered

"I never come right out and say 'I'm a sort of canine psychiatrist,'" he said. "I always say 'difficult dogs trained' in my advertisements. People don't like to think that their dogs are different from other people's."

Appleton says he always tells the owners to behave differently if they want their dogs to improve.

"If a dog is hysterical I tell the owner not to be so emotional," he said. "If a dog snaps at everyone it's because its owner is short tempered. As for dogs who stay out all night—they speak for themselves."—United Press.

Died Rich (£142,000)

He Would Not Touch Dirty Money

Blackpool. A bearded, ragged recluse who ate nothing but fruit and refused to touch dirty money hoarded a fortune worth nearly £142,000 in a bank and old suitcases in his ramshackle flat, it was disclosed last week.

He lived in squalor in a two-room dwelling among 90,000 books, some of them rare collectors' pieces, which towered in six-foot stacks over an old leather couch he used as a bed.

HER FORTUNE

Officials checking on the effects of the recluse who died recently identified him as Mahmoud "Haji" Abdul Baki, who came to Britain from Iran in 1923 and established a cotton-exporting business in London and Manchester. They said his wife, daughter of a wealthy Iranian landowner, died a year later and left him her fortune.

Baki came to Blackpool 14 years ago, and lived in seclusion in the small flat where he spent his time munching pears and melons and rifling through the pages of his thousands of books.

"He was a most courtly-mannered, intelligent man," his landlady, one of the few people who knew Baki, told reporters.

NEW NOTES

"He always paid me his rent in brand new notes—because he would not touch dirty ones."

Officials went through his papers and opened battered suitcases in the flat after he died.

They reported they found shares worth an estimated £40,000 in the bags and bankbooks, showing deposits of £100,000 in drawers in a tottering bureau.—United Press.

After letting themselves down a trapdoor in an adjoining house, hatching a way through a thick wall and drilling and sawing their way through the floor of a textile shop in Amsterdam, two burglars discovered that the safe was guns and the cash register was empty.—United Press.

THEY GROW BIG IN RUSSIA

Moscow. A fifteen-year-old nature boy who weighed 64 pounds when he was 18 months old, is startling his neighbours with his physical prowess.

He's Vasya Pavlov, of Pavlov, a senior high school student who stands 5 feet 7 inches, weighs 354 pounds and has normal chest measurement of 4 feet 6 inches.

According to a recent issue of the Komsomolskaya Pravda, Vasya has no trouble lifting 175 lbs, or 80 lbs ten times.

KEPT GROWING

Born during the war, Vasya gave his parents trouble because he grew so fast, they couldn't keep him in shirts. When he was five months old, he began to grow larger by the hour, not by the day. And he outgrew his shirts weekly.

The newspaper said the boy has never been sick in his life.

He looks like a good bet for the 1960 Soviet Olympic Weightlifting team.—United Press.

For The Birds

London. The Crookhewell town council has threatened to evict from one of its houses a man who dug a hole in the kitchen floor, filled it with water and used it as a pool for keeping ducks.

The man, an unnamed builder's labourer, also keeps his coal in the bathroom and rubbish in the larder.—United Press.

London. A court rejected a woman's demand that a dog be destroyed because it bit her, after she banged the lid of a garbage can near it.

Magistrate Geoffrey Rose ruled: "Each had to use the method of annoyance available."—United Press.

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HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



RIGHT: Birthday picture at Kensington Palace of Princess Alexandra with her mother and brothers Prince Michael (left) and the Duke of Kent.

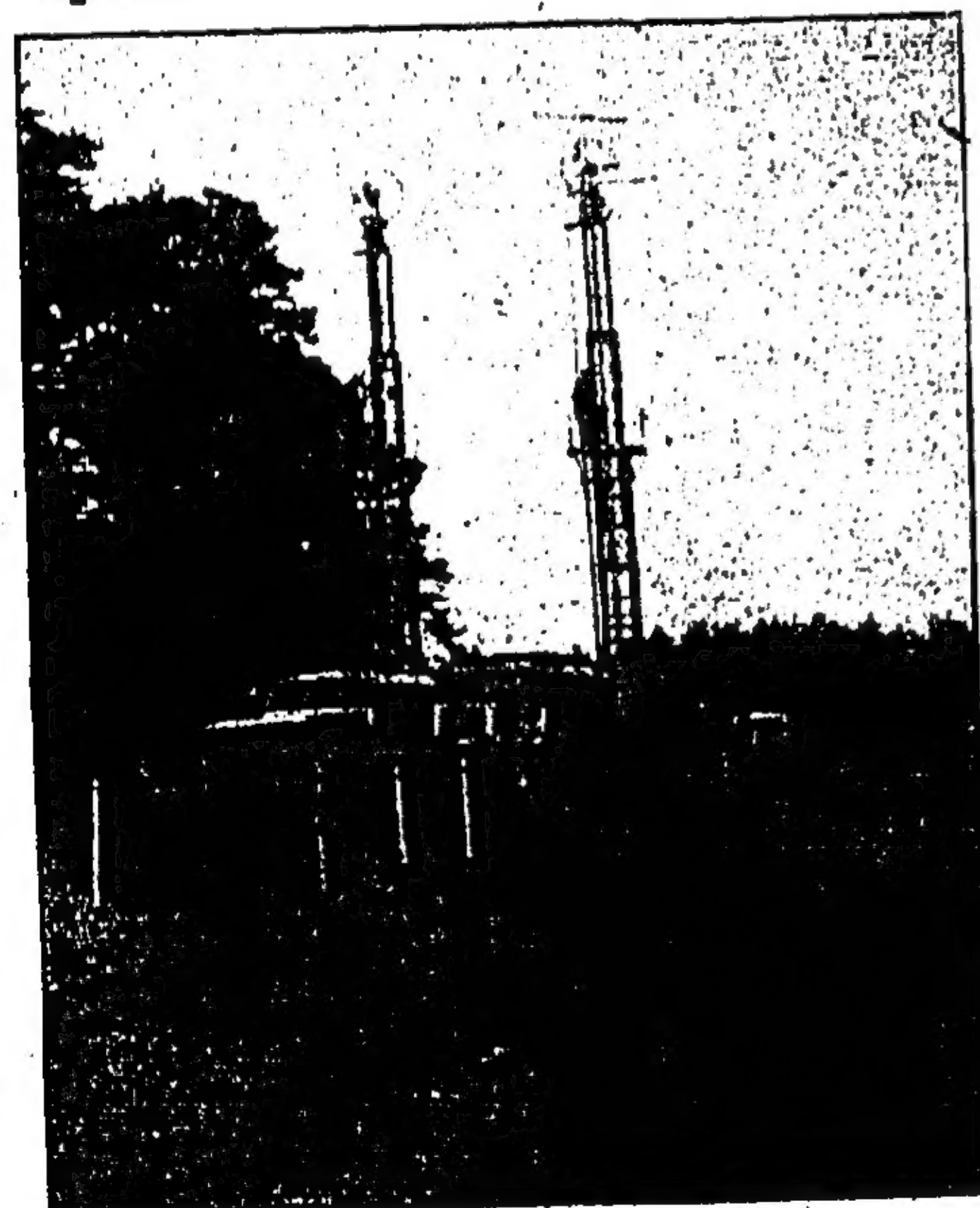
LEFT: British singer Patti Morgan and her Middle Eastern fiancé Danny Chamoun, son of the Lebanese President married on New Year's Day and will live in Beirut.

RIGHT: British soccer history was made when Charlton beat Huddersfield 7-6. Johnny Summers changed his boots 27 minutes from the end of the game, then scored five goals to win.



Skipper Dod Osborne, tough sailor of the high seas, is dead. He died in a manner which was fitting to a man who had risked his life in so many hazardous expeditions. He struck fame by a runaway crossing of the Atlantic in the trawler "The Girl Pat." He died after a lone crossing of the Bay of Biscay in a 450-foot yacht, "The Sea Lass."

BELOW: Preparations near Sandringham for the Queen's Christmas broadcast, which was this year televised for the first time. Television masts were erected in Sandringham grounds before the arrival of the Royal Family for their Christmas holiday together.



This is where Sir Anthony Eden, advised by his doctors to move from Cornwall to a place nearer London, will be staying . . . Donnington Grove House near Newbury.

RIGHT: Elizabeth Strachey, 21-year-old daughter of Labour MP John Strachey is seen with another of these fashionable 'Middle Eastern' fiancés . . . Hamid al Qadhi, the professor-son of a Baghdad Judge.



Wendy Poppleton (18) winner of a newspaper competition said the person she would most like to meet in Paris was Maurice Chevalier . . . and so, for her prize, she did.



Vera Day in a skin-tight gown arrives at the Prince's Theatre to see the Copenhagen Pantomime.



RIGHT: The name Dorothy Campbell at the currency "leak" tribunal brought back earlier memories to Britain's aging dandies . . . Now fur-coated, fair-haired, and fiftyish, she was once one of the youngest, loveliest, and wittiest of London chorus girls.

NANCY



By Ernie Bushmiller

BLACK MAGIC



the finest chocolates in the world

THE KING, THE COOK AND YOUSE GUYS

By Hugh Pond

IT was May 22, 1944 — 15 days before D Day. A senior British planning officer sat idly solving a crossword puzzle.

He suddenly realised that many of the answers were Top Secret code words for the vital assault which was about to be launched.

Words like Neptune; Overlord; Omaha; Utah; White; and Mulberry stood out like a cryptic code. British intelligence was immediately alerted and a discreet but thorough investigation was carried out.

They discovered that the puzzle had been devised by two retired schoolmistresses of unimpeachable loyalty and respectability, who had no idea that these words were top secret.

This story is told in an official United States History of U.S. Navy operations during the invasion of France and Germany.

Trouble?

Admiral Samuel Morison, the author, alleges trouble between planning staffs over the number of men that could be carried in the assault craft.

He adds that to make matters worse, hundreds of these craft, damaged in exercises, were lying around the British coast unrepaired because the British Admiralty did not wish to spend more money on overtime work in busy British shipyards.

This history tells many stories of good co-operation between the Allied navies, and many amusing ones of differences of approach.

King George VI, on one of his many visits to the invasion fleet, boarded the U.S.S. Augusta and dined with the admiral.

Standing in the chartroom afterwards the door was flung open and a beaming cook appeared: "Would yer Majesty like a cuppa jamoke?"

Horried

The admirals were horried, the King looked puzzled.

An American officer translated jamoke into a cup of coffee. The King accepted the invitation. Afterwards he congratulated the cook on the coffee.

Future complaints to this cook about his coffee were always received with the words: "If it's good enough for the King of England, it's good enough for youse guys."

The admiral paints a vivid picture of Allied naval actions during the invasion of Normandy and of Southern France and of the importance of accurate naval gunnery in helping to win many of the soldiers' land battles.

During a full-scale invasion exercise off the Dorset coast in April 1944 several German E-boats entered the area undetected. In the confusion which followed, 197 sailors and 441 soldiers were killed. This loss of life was greater than that suffered on D Day on Utah beach.

No arms

As an example of self-sacrifice and heroism shown by British and American sailors, Admiral Morison quotes the following story:—

The American destroyer Rich was blown up by mines. Ships approached to save survivors. Some, badly wounded, were picked up.

As the sinking ship's bow slowly submerged, a lone figure bobbed up in the wreckage. A line was hurriedly tossed to this man.

He raised his face to the sailors on the deck staring down at him, and in a firm, calm voice said: "Never mind, I have no arms to detach it." Overboard went an officer to save him.

But death was faster. By the time he reached him, the man had turned and sunk.

(History of United States Naval Operations in World War II, "The Invasion of France and Germany," Volume XI, By Samuel Eliot Morison, Oxford University Press, 1946.)

MY FIVE FAVOURITES and what I'd give them



To Macmillan—a new cardigan embroidered with passages from *Trilby*, for reading during dull debates.

To Bulgakov (suffering from writer's cramp)—an automatic typewriter for sending Christmas cards.

To Dulles—a tiny shoe for treading delicately along the Brink of War.

To Bevin—a complete outfit (with detergent) for his role as World's Most Fearful Statesman.

To Eisenhower—the complete collection of jokes on presidential golf.

ZANIES OF THE RING by GILBERT ODD



mingled with a degree of good-natured booing for poor Siki.

The second round opened in similar fashion. Siki kept his arms crossed in front of his face, while Carpenter circled round him prodding away with the left.

Suddenly he feinted to the body, drew down the challenger's guard and smashed home his famous right to the chin. Unfortunately Georges put a little more power behind the blow than he had intended.

Siki sat down with a bump. He was hurt in more ways than one. He had been promised that he would suffer no pain, but that punch had been particularly mean. He glared at Georges through a red mist. He lost control of his short temper and sprang up with murder in his eyes.

Leaping at the astonished Carpenter he swung that one wild right that was to change boxing history. Georges saw it coming but he was too amazed to move out of its way.

Even as it landed on his jaw and floored him he couldn't believe it. He was so bewildered that ringwise as he was he jumped up at two, only to be attacked by a raging demon.

Siki's arms were going like windmill sails. He landed the champion into the ropes and then battered him unmercifully until the bell came to give Carpenter a well-earned respite.

He came out for the third looking grim and determined. The acting was over, now the fight and the film would see the real thing. Siki had asked for it, now it was coming his way.

Bung full of confidence all his fear gone, the coloured man tore into his rival, tossing punches from either hand. Georges skillfully avoided trouble, lured his rival into the required position, then dropped him with a neat right-hander.

But up bounced Siki like a rubber ball. And back into the pitfall he came, catching Georges with another jaw-punch that sent him reeling.

Carpenter hadn't trained a yard for this fight. It hadn't been necessary. He was in no shape to take this sort of treatment.

Long rights bounced off his jaw, left swings thundered heavily into his ribs. Gaily but desperately Georges tried to stem the tide, but nothing he did could stop the black demon who danced in front of him piling in punches from all angles.

The next three rounds must have been a nightmare to Carpenter. The crowd's favours had now switched to Siki as they watched him batter down the former idol.

Georges' face was a red mask of his own blood, he was getting weaker and weaker. Suddenly the coloured man put over the finishing blow, a slugging right that landed 'in between the champion's eye.

Down went Carpenter. Carried forward by the force he had put behind the blow, Siki fell over his rival's legs. Up he bounced to stand off by the ropes and watch the referee count poor Georges out.

The fans yelled and waited for the Battling One to be announced as the new champion. But they were in for a big shock. Over the ropes Siki had been disqualified for tripping and that Carpenter was still the world's lightweight.

There was tremendous applause for the French idol at wanted to fight Carpenter. His place for the first round, had been brought up in a part of the first round.

being a complete riot. For an hour the angry fans refused to leave, calling on the officials to name Siki as the winner.

Finally it was announced that the judges had overruled the referee's verdict and that Siki was the official winner and new champion.

Away in his dressing room the downcast Siki fearful of the outrage he had committed suddenly realised that instead of being a bad boy was indeed a hero.

Everybody made a fuss of him; he was the idol of the coloured folk in Paris. Presents were showered on him, he could eat in the best restaurants free of charge, he could drink himself drunk every night.

From a simple coloured boy kicked around by all and sundry, Siki was transformed in no time into an arrogant strutting conceited clown, out to draw attention to himself wherever he went at every opportunity.

Every morning manager Helliers would hand him a fistful of franc notes. Siki would stuff them into the pocket of his gaudy suit and go off on the spree.

Usually he finished up in a fight and more than once had to be hauled out by his manager. When Siki got drunk he became dangerous—and before long the Parisians began to wish they had never heard of him.

One day on one of the fashionable boulevards Siki got out of a taxi, dragging after him an ancient but hungry-looking lion he had bought off a menagerie proprietor.

Into a cafe the pair went. Siki ordered a fortified waiter. Women screamed and fainted, men ran for their lives, the cafe owner phoned for the police.

That little episode brought a week or two in goal—and suspension by the French Boxing Federation. It also meant an abrupt halt in the flow of spending money, for credit had been gained on the strength of fights to come.

A proposed bout with Joe Beckett, the British heavyweight champion, in London, was banned by the Home Office and things looked sticky for the new champion.

Then someone offered him a fight in Dublin on St. Patrick's Day against an Irishman named Mike McTigue. Helliers who knew little about the Erin Isle, less about St. Patrick and nothing at all about McTigue, accepted the fight.

No one thought of telling him there was a rebellion on at the same time.

The purse of £2,000 was, at the Frenchman's request, split up with only £500 for the loser; so confident were they that Siki had an easy task on hand.

As a native son McTigue was free to be as he pleased, although there were rebellious elements in the city who were prepared to stick at nothing to see the fight did not take place, not because they disapproved of fighting, but any occasion was seized for the stirring up of trouble.

It was all very bewildering for poor Siki who didn't understand where he was or what was going on. In the dressing-room he had been asked with terror: "When a bomb was exploded in a nearby street."

That did it. Crowds surged round the ring, the referee was assaulted. They looked like nearly struck.

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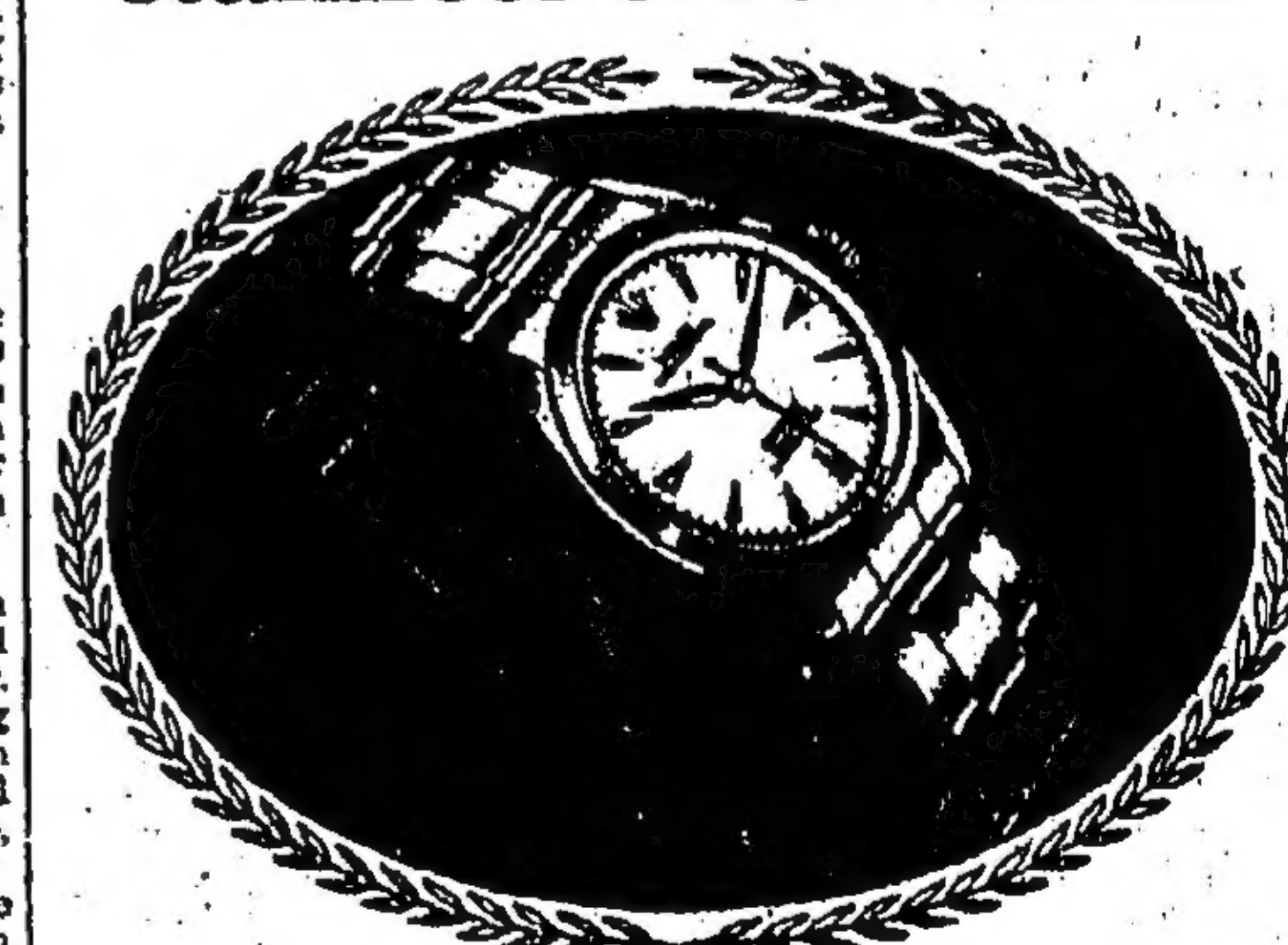
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ROLEX

GENEVA - SWITZERLAND



I CAN NEVER FORGIVE CHURCHILL...

—said General Sir John Dill

ON October 9, 1940, I received a telegram appointing me Director of Military Operations at the War Office. I was far from pleased with the prospect of returning to the War Office; I had always disliked it. Service in Whitehall, in war, as I know full well, was even more disagreeable than in peace. I knew, too, that the DMO's post was hard and exacting. I should have much preferred to get command of a division, for which I was in the running. But it was some consolation that General Sir John Dill was Chief of the Imperial General Staff.

by Major-General Sir John Kennedy

GCMG KCVO, KBE, CB, MC, Director of Military Operations 1940-43, Assistant Chief of Imperial General Staff (Operations and Intelligence) 1943-45.

One of my first impressions of the War Office was that a heavy strain was being imposed upon the Chiefs of Staff by the Prime Minister's habits. He worked in bed in the morning, slept in the afternoon, kept the Chiefs of Staff up at night and went off to the country for long weekends. This system suited him, if nobody else; and it certainly enabled him to remain fresh. I soon discovered that he was interested in the minutest details of everything we did, and that he poured out floods of memoranda upon all problems, great and small. Much time had to be spent in answering them. His usual hour for meeting the Chiefs of Staff was 9.30 p.m., and he often kept them up until one or two in the morning.

Further, he had collected around him a number of men who gave him independent advice, which we thought to be sometimes irresponsible and often unsound; and their ideas had to be discussed and debated. Everybody realised and appreciated Churchill's great qualities. But there were few who did not sometimes doubt whether these were adequate compensation for his methods of handling the war machine, and the immense additional effort they imposed upon the Service Staffs.

I found I was expected to be available at the War Office not only all day, except for meals,

but up till midnight or later. Dill had always worked too hard and too long; and this fact was to wear him down and, in the end, to wear him out altogether.

His capacity for good work was impaired before the end of his time as CIGS, and even at this period he was already showing signs of great fatigue. It was he who bore the brunt of Churchill's fury when the latter's multitudinous ideas and projects were opposed by the Chiefs of Staff.

DEAD HAND

On one occasion, after a long argument about some especially unsound suggestion, Churchill accused him to his face of being "the dead hand of inaction." On another, the Prime Minister watching the Chiefs of Staff as they fled out of his room after a midnight sitting, remarked to one of his entourage, "I have to wage modern war with ancient weapons."

Our policy in the General Staff, at this period, was to build up our resources, of which we were painfully short, and to refrain from all operations which were not essential, and which would do nothing that would postpone decisive action; we considered it rash to risk unnecessary reverses merely for the sake of doing something.

Churchill, on the other hand, thirsted for action, and his head

was full of projects that had no attraction for the Chiefs of Staff. He fretted at the delays which are inseparable from the preparation of modern fighting forces, and he pressed us incessantly to "grapple with the enemy."

He did, however, realise, as he himself put it one day at a conference assembled to consider the allocation of equipment to our allies, that "there were too many little pigs and not enough tests on the old sow."

But there was one plan being hatched, with the full blessing of the Chiefs of Staff. This was for General Sir Archibald Wavell's attack upon the

Italian army in the Western Desert. The essence of this plan was secrecy. No letters or telegrams were exchanged on the subject. Wavell had told Eden (then Secretary of State for War) about it during his visit to Egypt in October. No one else in London knew of it except the Prime Minister, the Chiefs of Staff and myself.

THE BATTLE

Churchill discussed the forthcoming battle nearly every day. He magnified the possible results out of all proportion, and he wished to extend the scope of the operations. He refused to recognise the hard realities of the problem of supply in the desert. He urged that operations should be begun against Abyssinia from Kenya, regardless of the vast distances, and, when I argued against this, he remarked that the successes of the Greeks against the Italians were becoming positively embarrassing in face of our inaction.

On December 4, Dill returned to the War Office about midnight, and came to see me in my room. I had just got into bed and was nearly asleep. I saw that he was agitated. He said: "I cannot tell you how angry the Prime Minister has made me. What he said about the Army tonight I can never forgive. He complained he could get nothing done by the Army. Then he said he wished

he had Papagos (Commander-in-Chief of the Greek Army) to run it. He asked me to wait and have a drink with him after the meeting, but I refused and left Anthony (Eden) there by himself."

I tried to calm him down but without much success. I pointed out that this kind of thing was nothing new, and reminded him that Sir William Robertson had had to go through much the same sort of experience with Lloyd George. The really important thing was not to give way, to be patient in developing our strategy, and to remember that we could not afford to make mistakes.

It was a pity, but we could not help it that the Prime Minister did not devote his energy to the things he could do so well—like pushing on the organisation of our resources and industrial production, negotiating with the U.S.A., and so forth. At last Dill went off to bed and I to sleep.

PUSH ON

Next morning Dill said he could not get over the Prime Minister's behaviour the night before; he was still angry. I said: "Could you not tackle him in this sort of way? It would be great fun. Could you not say to him something like this: 'If you would like to realise how I feel just think how you would feel if I said to you that your letter to Roosevelt did not go nearly far enough. Why have you not got the U.S.A. in the war? Why have you not got our side? Why have you not got the Balkan states and Turkey in with us? And what about the Far East, and the attitude of Japan?'"

"Everything is wrong and you must push on faster. But I would not say such things to you, because I know that our diplomacy is suffering from lack of strength behind it. So do our operations. Our lack of strength compels us to be carefully in both—we cannot afford to make a false step. But we may make a false step if we keep up this sort of political pressure that led to such disasters as Kut and the first failure at Gaza in the last war. We cannot afford that sort of failure now."

We both began to laugh. I added that he must remember that he was in a weaker position than any CIGS in the last war. In that he had no commander to back him. Wavell's opinion did not carry great weight, because no one knew yet whether he was any good or not. There was nothing for it but to be patient.

A REBUKE

On the last day of January 1941 Churchill said for Dill and rebuked him about a statement he was supposed to have made at a Press conference on the previous day.

Duff Cooper, then Minister of Information, said that a great conference had been a great success; they had enjoyed having access to a "technician" as opposed to a "politician." To this Churchill had rejoined: "Of course, starving mice appreciate

information, but the relations which existed during those critical years between the various personalities 'at the top'.

General Kennedy sets it all out frankly and forcefully, though being a professional soldier himself he generally takes the side of the Service Chiefs as against the politicians, who was Prime Minister Winston Churchill.

Of course, something very similar had happened before in the 1914-18 war. Then, as General Kennedy recalls, the feuds had been between Prime Minister David Lloyd George and Chief of Imperial General Staff Sir William Robertson (as well as Commander-in-Chief General Sir Douglas Haig).

Lloyd George, indeed, had a harder task than Winston Churchill. For during Lloyd's struggles, there was ranged on the side of the soldiers a King who thoroughly understood the Services and had no special personal affinity with his Prime Minister. In Churchill's war, Frederick the King was on the British side with his Prime Minister (they very frequently lunched together) and was invariably acquiescent with his policies.

BETTER WICKET

LLOYD George triumphed over the Generals in the end, so that Winston Churchill, in his landings, started off on a better wicket—and he stayed that way! Another advantage that Churchill enjoyed was that while in the 1914-18 war defeat by the Kaiser would have meant the British people would have had imposed on them a heavy indemnity, Hitler would have meant the dismemberment and destruction of our nation. So the British public rallied round the Head of the Government, and from the House of Commons ceased from troubling him throughout the war. Winston Churchill had an immeasurably more firm position as wartime Prime Minister than ever was held by Lloyd George.

The second world war, indeed, like no other ever before in history, was so much an affair of the civilian peoples as of the armed forces.

Both sides, under the direct and devastating bombing, and on a far vaster scale than in any previous conflict, the so-called non-combatants educated the mobilising



a stillborn chess when it is set before them."

One night, when we were having a talk in his room, (Dill and I) discussed the Prime Minister's methods of conducting the war and we agreed that his great qualities made up for

the vast amount of work, often useless as we thought, which he imposed upon the staffs.

Dill said that, if he ever wrote his memoirs, he would put him down as the greatest leader who could possibly have had, but certainly no one could

describe him as the greatest strategist.

NEXT WEEK:

A SUMMONS TO CHURCHILL'S BEDROOM
(London Express Service)

THE BUSINESS OF WAR

by MAJOR-GENERAL SIR JOHN KENNEDY

It is a series which will excite immense controversy for its revelations of the clash between the generals and the civilian leaders in the conduct of the war. And here as an introduction is

THE CASE FOR THE CIVILIAN

TODAY the China Mail begins a new series of articles on the inside planning and the supreme direction of Great Britain's part in the war.

Well, Churchill stuck regularly to this night-and-day routine. Why couldn't his closest Service colleagues have tried some alteration of theirs?

When General Sir Alan Brooke became Chief of Imperial General Staff in December 1941, we learn that he used to occupy those otherwise "lost" hours during the afternoon in rummaging round the London book-

shops in search of volumes on his hobby of bird-love.

If distinguished Senior Staff Officers, instead of working in Whitehall, had been serving in the field or at sea—as they so frequently did, no doubt, sincerely said that they would have preferred to be—then they would hardly have complained there of four hours on duty, four hours on duty, four hours on duty.

As it was, they still found ample time, it seems, not only to search for books, but to compose diaries.

Then, those multitudinous ideas and projects, which seem forever to have bubbled in the civilian's fertile mind, and bubbled from his loquacious lips. There was Churchill, thirsting for action, and the Service Chiefs, with the limited resources available to them, unable to satisfy his demands. Yes, but it is hard to believe that the anxieties which he caused were not immeasurably offset by the encouragement he gave through his example of unswerving purpose, imagination, and energy.

AN EXCHANGE

AS for the hard words which Winston sometimes showered upon his Service Chiefs, there was (and is) in British public life no character who enjoys an exchange of opprobrious epithets more than a chap called Winston himself.

When he embarked to his then CIGS, General Sir John Dill (it was at the time of the Greek crisis in 1941), that he only wished he had General Papagos (then Commander-in-Chief of the Greek Army) to run the British Army. The soldier should have started in retrospect. And it only old Venizelos (the lively Greek Prime Minister of the 1914-18 war) was still in the morning around, what an improvement to have him running the British Government!

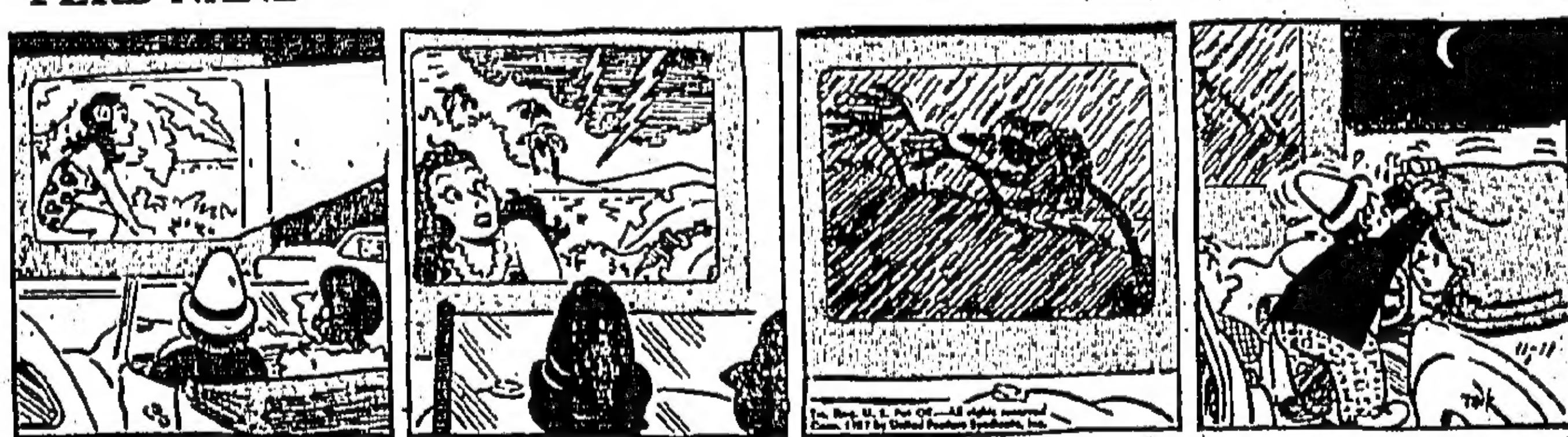
The surprising statement, following papers given to the press, has been heard across Whitehall.

By Frank Owen



GENERAL WAVELL
"No one knew whether he was any good or not."

FERD'NAND

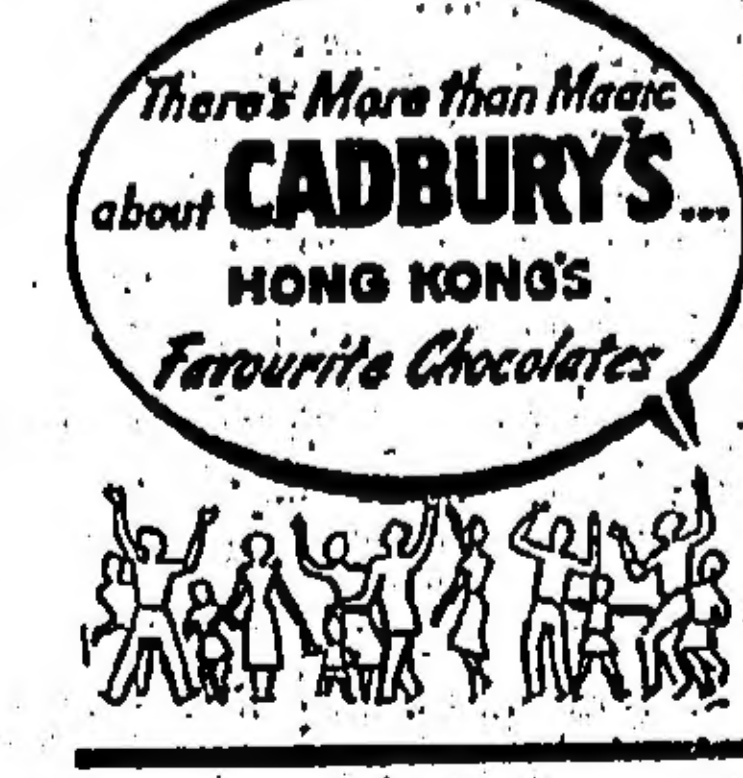


By Mik



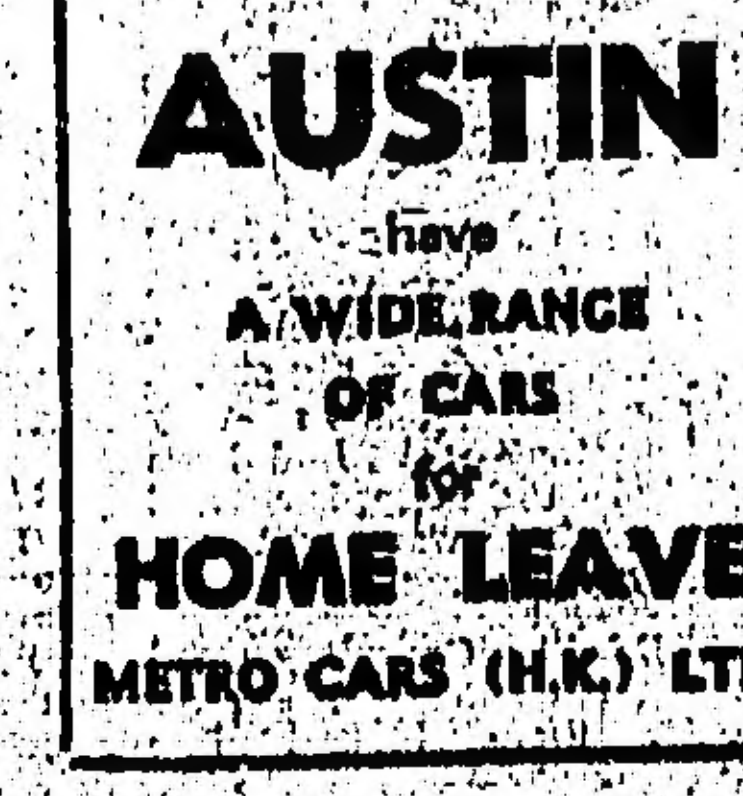
MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

By Lee Falk and Phil Davis



JOHNNY HAZARD

By Frank Robbins





JAYNE MANSFIELD
Heartbeats become giggles



JOHN OSBORNE
On terms with success



VIVIEN LEIGH
New hope for publicity man



MIKE TODD
No audience needed



TOMMY STEELE
Collecting his winnings



FRANKENSTEIN'S MONSTER
New life in the morgue

LIMELIGHT

LOOKS AT THE NAMES WHO MADE THE BIGGEST SPLASH IN 1957

MISS MANSFIELD GETS MY VOTE—AS THE JOKE OF THE YEAR

by THOMAS WISEMAN

IN deciding upon the outstanding show-business personalities of 1957 the interesting question which comes up is how many of them will still be personalities (outstanding or otherwise) by the end of 1958. We are living in such a fast world that you can be a star at 19 and a has-been at 21.

The turnover in show-business idols being what it is, old idols topple before they have even got used to the high altitude up there on their pedestals.

Only this week I saw a girl who not so long ago was being written about as a new Audrey Hepburn selling chocolate at a West End store.

The people I have chosen as the show-business personalities of 1957 will not, I hope, be selling chocolates this time next year; but, of course, you never know. Some of them may have a latent vocation for selling chocolates of which as yet they are blissfully unaware.

Here, then, are my personalities of the year, not necessarily the most talented or most distinguished, but the ones who, for better or worse, made the biggest splash.

As the most COMICAL, I would name Miss Jayne Mansfield. Not because I found her screen performances riotously funny, but because, off screen, Miss Mansfield managed to elevate sex from a snigger to a belly-laugh. On the basis of audience response the funniest film of the year must have been the newsreel of the Royal Film Performance. The sight of Jayne Mansfield attempting to curtsy in a dress that fitted her as if she were going to be mummified in it got the biggest laugh of the year.

The effect of the normal screen siren on the normal

male is to make him breathe faster; Miss Mansfield's effect is to make him giggle. Which is undoubtedly an achievement (of a kind) and qualifies her for inclusion in my list.

The most TRANSFORMED man of the year is John Osborne who has consolidated his reputation as a serious playwright with The Entertainer and has suddenly found himself after years of poverty, with a beautiful wife and an income of close on £1,000 a week.

When I first met Mr Osborne about 18 months ago, and told him that success would change him, he snorted derisively. I was assuming he was as corrupt as I was, he told me. I do not know whether on any

deep level he is much changed. But outwardly he is a different man.

One and a half years ago he spat out words as if they were contaminated; he took to the high-life with which he was then just becoming acquainted like a fish to dry land. The very atmosphere of a fashionable restaurant seemed to get him all choked-up. Now Mr Osborne can call for a cigar at the Caprice with the aplomb of one long accustomed to such plutocratic pleasures.

He dresses snazzy, has developed a patient forbearance in dealing with pushing admirers and will no longer accuse you of being a capitalist hyena if you inquire about his royalties. The change has, I think, been for the better and indicates to me that success has a less disastrous effect on the soul than is commonly supposed.

The most OVER-PUBLICISED lady of the year was Miss Vivien Leigh, who not only managed to get herself ejected from the House of Lords but also went off on holiday with

her former husband. I do not suggest that Miss Leigh's unconventional behaviour was designed to cash headlines—though it did that with a vengeance; but I am sure that she has inadvertently, given to the world two absolutely new publicity gimmicks.

The master exploiters had run out of ideas. New Miss Leigh has given them new hope. Any day now, I am sure, some blonde and busty starlet will stand up in the House of Lords to protest against the iniquity of The Sack, and most of the fading actresses have at least one ex-husband with whom they can go on holiday Miss Leigh's achievements in the theatre this year were not such as to justify her inclusion in any list of outstanding personalities. But her accidental achievements as a self-publicist certainly do.

Three big-time film tycoons came into the orbit of this column during 1957 and distinguished themselves as the most LOQUACIOUS gentlemen of the year. They were Mr Darryl F. Zanuck, Mr Mike Todd and Mr David O. Selznick.

With none of them could I get more than two or three syllables in edgewise, mostly affirmative grunts. I cannot help wondering what happens if the three of them should come together.

Do they all continue talking simultaneously, each pursuing his own particular line of thought and oblivious of what the others are saying? Or do they employ a chairman who ensures that each one has his say for a specified period and then gives way to somebody else? But if it came to an all-out, no-holds-barred struggle for articulation, I have a feeling that Mr Todd would win.

I defy anyone to shout him down. Even his wife, Miss Elizabeth Taylor, cannot stop him when he is full-spate.

I heard him giving a filibuster after-lunch speech in Cannes this year and even though, towards the middle of it, his audience were creeping off for cocktails Mr Todd went on undeterred. The secret of all these loquacious gentlemen is that they are their own best audience, which makes their listeners rather superfluous.

The most OVERPAID personality of the year was undoubtedly Mr Tommy Steele, a young man who, I believe, sings.

Likeable and, on meeting, indistinguishable from thousands of other coffee-bar Romcos, he managed to hit some emotional jackpot in the public and is still collecting his winnings.

In his wake come a succession of other "cheer" youngsters in assorted shapes and sizes, all pouring out their musical peppils and semi-lyrical tranquillizers to a public that yawns alternately for stimulation and sedation.

The most successful COMEBACK of the year was made by Frankenstein resurrected from a horrible death by Hammer Films in order to be sent to an even more horrible and protracted death. All his old chums, like Dracula and King Kong and the Phantom in the Rue Morgue, must be making very catty remarks in whatever hellish Green Room is frequented by ogres who have become has-beens.

(London Express Service)

Eat, drink and be merry...

FESTIVE season and the table groans with the weight of marvellous food. Later, after drinks, some may be groaning under the table, but that's by the way. Even those like Mr. Price, whose appetite is generally poor, are tempted by the delicacies offered them at this time of the year.

"That's what I can't understand," Mr. Price said. "Usually I eat like a sparrow with a hangover. Comes at festive season and I devour food like a lion."

The very sight of tempting food makes most people feel hungry. Our mouths water in anticipation. It is a conditioned reflex on our part, just as some

esthetics who develop attacks in the presence, say, of flowers, can be equally affected by an artificial rose.

"So appetite can be stimulated not only through our senses, but even by the idea of food," Mr. Price nodded.

I reminded him of the well-known experiment conducted by Pavlov. This scientist rang a bell every time he gave food to a dog. Eventually he just rang the bell without offering the animal a morsel, but the dog's mouth still watered.

Rings The Bell

"Yes," I said, "all that food rings the bell for us. Our mouths water and our gastric juices flow."

That's also the reason why people who have an ulcer should eat more than usual at a festival. If they don't let themselves go a little the gastric juices which are stimulated are not neutralised by food.

Of course, they shouldn't abandon entirely their sense of moderation, and they should still avoid certain foods if these are known to cause trouble.

"In my view," I said, "there is too much emphasis on diet in the treatment of duodenal ulcer."

Acid appetite juice is stimulated by the sight, smell, and

The Body Knows

"You've solved a mystery," Mr. Price said. "I often wondered why there with duodenal ulcer feel all right at festive season despite the fact that they eat the 'wrong' things. It's obvious they forget to have such feelings as you've described when there's so much goodwill and conviviality around."

Of course, over-eating can cause acute gastritis. But sucking ice helps during an attack. That's a good tip, but I drink a lot of water, anyway," Mr. Price commented.

Many so-called health experts talk of the benefits of swallowing pints of cold water. But the body knows how much water it needs. If a man isn't thirsty there is no need to try to drown himself from within.

"As for alcohol..." I began. "During New Year's Day I never touch it, except with my mouth," Mr. Price said.

POCKET CARTOON

by OSBERT LANCASTER

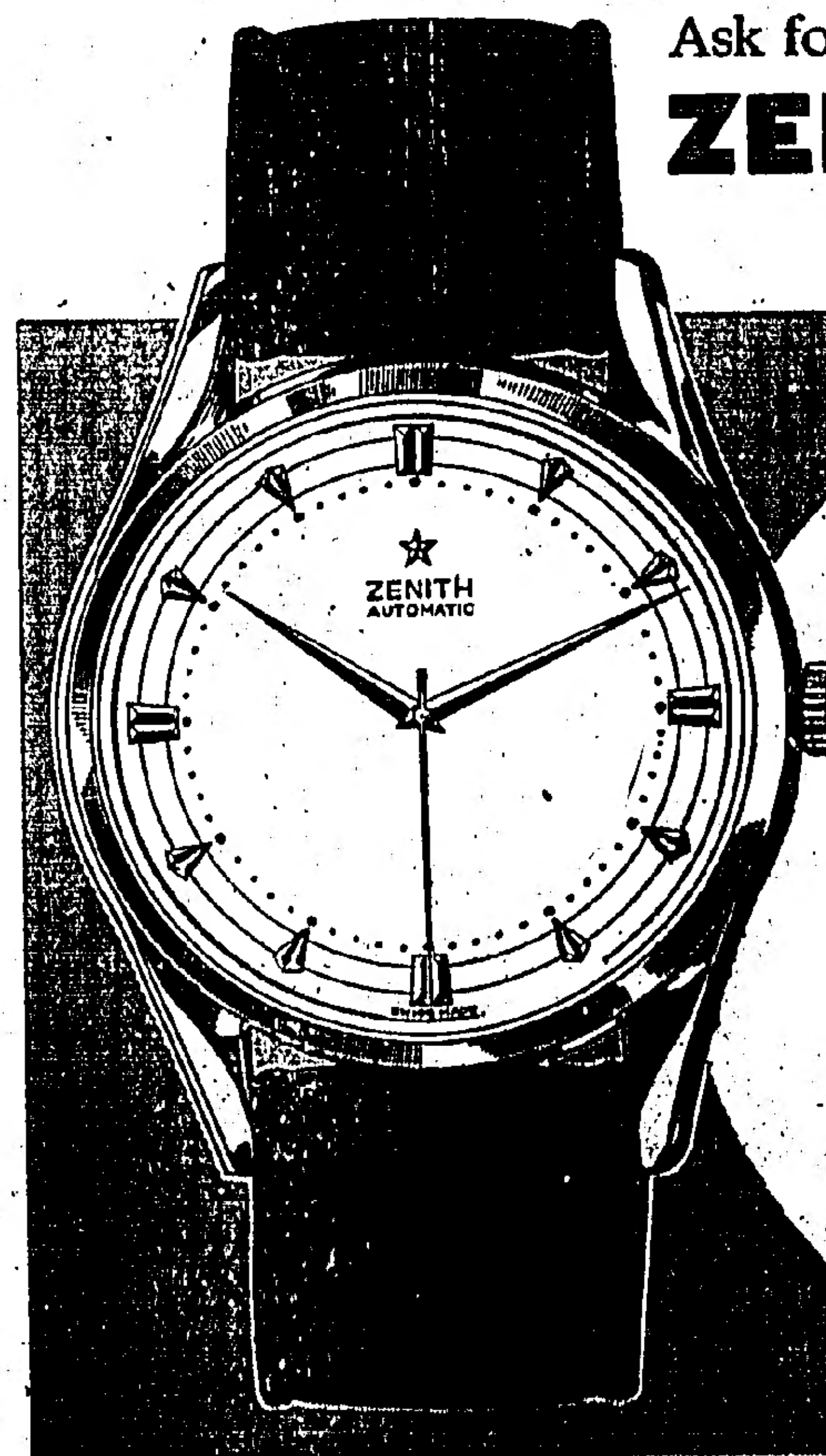


"The Colonel has decided that just at the moment we must do absolutely nothing to prejudice the issue."

If you appreciate precision as well as quality

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"If you ain't clear of my pitch in ten seconds Father Christmas is going to slash yer from ear to ear."

BEGINNING AN UNUSUAL AND INTRIGUING BIOGRAPHY... THE UNTOLD STORY OF THE GIRL FROM HUNGARY WHO SET ALL BRITAIN TALKING

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF Eva Bartok

• Eva Bartok's marriages, her divorces, her friendships, and now her baby are discussed throughout the world. What kind of a person is this woman whose impact far exceeds that of more successful actresses? Are there sadness and loneliness behind those smouldering eyes?

WHEN she is angry or anguished, Eva Bartok's face is the most fascinating I have ever seen — dark, brooding, turbulent and beautiful. I remember watching it, and marvelling at it, one night a few years ago in Venice. She was sitting at a corner table of a restaurant overlooking the Grand Canal. One of her wrists was bandaged where she had cut herself a few days before, and she plucked at it with restless fingers. She was very pale. Opposite her, a young Italian was talking to her in a low, tense whisper, and what he was saying was obviously neither pretty nor pleasant.

I saw the storm gathering behind Eva Bartok's pinched, unhappy face; and suddenly some word, or a gesture, from her companion unleashed the fury. Without raising her voice, she began to talk back. The lips curled, the eyes glowed, and it was as if the man opposite her was suddenly staring into an open furnace.

ANGRY EYES

HE drew back, faltered, and then rose quickly to his feet and hurried out of the room. And the intense eyes of Eva Bartok followed him, like flame-throwers.

I don't think I have seen anyone more powerfully beautiful, and frightening too, than she was at that moment. Just before she bit her lip with her white teeth and began quietly to cry.

by LEONARD MOSLEY

"I wonder what she said to him," my companion whispered. "I don't know what she was telling him with her lips, but I know what her eyes were saying: I hate men, I hate men, I hate men!"

Last week in Munich I dined with Eva. Across the supper table I asked her if I had been right that night in Venice. "No," she said. "It wouldn't be true to say I hate men. That is one quality I have I think — I have never resented anyone, not for long anyway."

"And I think, too, I have always been prepared to take my share of the blame. I have made a lot of mistakes in my life, and if I had the chance to go over

it again there are plenty of things I would try not to repeat.

"But I didn't hate anyone. All I felt was lost, bewildered, disillusioned, very young and very alone."

"And insecure?" I asked. She nodded.

THE CLUE?

THE incident in Venice came back to me as I started to write this story, and more than ever it seemed to provide the clue to the mystery of Eva Bartok.

I am one of those who have never thought of her as just another fly-by-night playgirl. In spite of those well-publicised brawls with Curd Jurgens, the canood-

lings in night clubs with the Marquis of Milford Haven, those awful hits, and the desperate (and so far unsuccessful) attempts to reach the top in films by any old trick, Eva Bartok has still been for me a sad girl rather than a bad girl... and never more fascinating than she is at this stage in her life.

Here she is, at 28, the mother of a child. Whose child? And why, at this moment, did she choose to have it?

It was in a film studio in the forest outside Munich that I saw her the other day. They had tipped me on to a set made up to look like a makeshift doctor's dispensary. Standing in front of the clinical bottles and bandage boxes was Eva dressed in the uniform of a Russian Army doctor. During the last three days I have seen and talked to Eva Bartok almost continuously — in the studio, in cars on drives into the country, in her hotel suite as we ate together, or she drank her honey and milk ("the doctors say I must put on weight") and I my whisky and soda.

We have talked of practically everything: the baby, her father and mother, her marriages, her friends and enemies, and her yearning for some sort of philosophy of life.

Personally I find it hard to be antipathetic towards a beautiful woman who includes humility in her make-up, and the curious thing about Eva Bartok is that she is completely without arrogance. And like most members of the acting profession, she hardly ever talks about her performances.

She has a poised and she has charm. No wonder men are attracted to her.

And yet how does she feel towards them? I feel now that I know.

From the time that something happened to her in Budapest

when she was still a young girl, I wonder that she has never trusted a single man she has ever met, kissed, or married. Those childhood days were an unsettling time for her, not only because it was war-time, and Budapest was under Nazi domination. At home, too, there was upheaval.

Her parents' marriage was not going well, principally because of a clash of temperament. Eva's mother was a solid, practical, home-loving woman who wanted a house of her own, preferred to stay by her own fireside, knitting and sewing.

She could not understand the effervescent character of her husband, Eva's father, a journalist on a Budapest news-

paper, was gay, witty, and rather feckless. He would hand his coat and his money to a beggar on a corner. He loved the Bohemian café life of war-time Budapest.

WAITED...

HER mother moved with Eva to the country, and it was really a separation, though her father came down to visit them at week-ends. And then, though Eva, who adored and admired him, waited and waited he did not come.

"Something must have happened to him," she told me, "and he changed."

It seems, though Eva does not say this, that he fell in love with someone else and ran head-on into a great emotional crisis.

"REMEMBER," SAID EVA. "THAT HE WAS VERY YOUNG. HE MARRIED WHEN HE WAS 20, AND THE TIME ALL THIS HAPPENED HE WAS 27 AND WAS ONLY SEVEN-YEAR-OLD YOUNG TO UNDERSTAND."

He did something that was unusual for him. He began to drink. He did not drink any more than the other young people with whom he mixed, but it affected him more — as if every glass of wine he drank was laced with a potent emotion, that upset his balance completely.

Eva was shattered by this change, this devastating flaw in the man she had always worshipped and admired. She could not forgive him.

TOO LATE

BY the time she grew up and learned a little more sense it was too late. Her father had always been against Fascism, and once he was taken away to an internment camp but later released. He came back and resumed writing under an assumed name.

In 1942 the Hungarian Nazis took him away. He has never been heard of since. Eva's mother has long since accepted the fact that he is dead.

BUT NOT EVA. AS IF SHE LONGS FOR HIM TO RETURN, SO THAT SHE CAN MAKE IT UP TO HIM FOR HER CHILDHOOD MISUNDERSTANDING, SHE STILL HOPES, AND MAKES REGULAR INQUIRIES THROUGH THE INTERNATIONAL RED CROSS.

She had a red Chevrolet car once, and one day while she was sitting in it she heard someone say "What does it run on? Blood?"

She started the engine and drove it down to the Red Cross offices and handed it over as a gift to their funds.

INSECURITY

AFTER the rift with her father, Eva developed her basic sense of insecurity so far as men were concerned.

There were plenty of reasons why she should feel alone, unhappy, and persecuted. There was for instance her first marriage. The story has been told that he was a Hungarian officer and married her to give her protection, but the facts are somewhat different.

After the arrest of her father, Eva and her mother were in danger. And the night a young Hungarian man came to the scene, Eva had seen him on many occasions before, and knew that he was admiring her. Now he made a cold and hard proposition. If she did not



Eva... a recent picture taken at a London premiere after the birth of her baby.

publicity was to come later. She wandered around London looking to quote someone who knew her at the time, "like a little mouse from Manchester." You would never have guessed there was a Magyar tigress, capable of drawing blood, lurking behind that unhappy face. And then a doctor had a drink with a friend of his, a theatre publicity agent named William Wordsworth. "By the way," the doctor said, "I have been talking to a girl who lives in this block, at 42, a Hungarian. She is a nice kid but terribly lonely. I wish you'd look her up and take her out now and then."

Wordsworth half promised and then forgot about it. A couple of weeks later the doctor called again. "You haven't called the Hungarian girl I told you about — Eva Bartok. If you don't I've told her to call you."

NO HAT

THAT night Wordsworth went down to talk to her. She was in a dejected mood and he asked her to go out and have a drink. ("That's right," Eva recalled, "I was dejected. If I had been a drinking woman I should have taken to drink.")

She put on her coat. "No hat?" asked Wordsworth. "I never wear a hat," she said. Wordsworth looked at her speculatively, taking in that wonderful face, and slowly an idea began to

crystallise in his agile public mind. It was an idea which, later, was to get the head, face, and hat of Eva Bartok planted on the front pages of newspapers all over the world.

Korda gave her a contract — but no part

But first of all it began with bets. "Go out and buy yourself a bet," he said. She went out and bought a dozen, all different colours.

AROUSED

WORDS WORTH'S interest in this girl was aroused now and the interest was not entirely professional. He began taking her to first nights and film premieres and tried all sorts of tricks to get her the attention of the photographers.

He posed her in a Bikkini lying on a rug, and with a line of her as a baby lying on a white rug. She did the pin-up girls' round of the Zoo, stroking tigers, and elephants and feeding penguins while the cameras clicked.

Slowly the name of Eva Bartok began to become familiar to the public.

Rather slowly Wordsworth was falling in love. Eva went to Italy to make The Crimson Pirate with Burt Lancaster. She was away for a year and it was not a happy time. She developed an "obsession" for a man she met there.

"I SHOULD HAVE BEEN ON TOP OF THE WORLD," SHE SAID. "HOLLYWOOD CONTRACT. I WAS LAUNCHED AND ON MY WAY. BUT I WANTED SOMETHING ELSE — SOMETHING REAL — AND I FELT THAT THIS MAN COULD GIVE IT TO ME."

It didn't work out that way. And in her misery she wrote to Wordsworth telling him everything. When she came home again they decided to marry.

Of that marriage all Eva will say is: "You must ask Wordsworth about that. I had told him everything that was in my heart. Why didn't he tell me everything that was in his?"

On October 16, 1951, they were married at St. Pancras register office. To the outside world they seemed happy at first. Eva proudly displayed her culinary accomplishment, and whipped him up a special Hungarian soufflé made with the white of egg.

SHE LEFT

BUT marriage, like a soufflé, is quickly ruined unless you give it your undivided attention. This one had started badly. It was not very long before Eva had left Wordsworth.

And where stood Eva now? More than ever she felt that men could not be trusted. And she was still searching for the kind of perfect man who (she now knows) does not exist. It was not until a year after her marriage to Wordsworth — and long after they had parted — that she met the Marquis of Milford Haven.



A day in Mayfair — Eva and the Marquis of Milford Haven. The date: October 3, 1953.

NEXT WEEK The friendship of the actress and the marquis

WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

SYLVIA LAMOND

plans an assault on the glamour front



Do men stare when you sweep into the party?

HERE'S a question to ask yourself on the eve of the biggest party week of the year. When you go to a party.... walk into a room full of warmth and laughter and twinkling glasses.... do you make your entrance almost unnoticed? Or do you make an impact?

Do the men begin to stare at you, and gather round? Or do you join the group of young matrons who are looking at the woman who is being looked at?

If you are the "looked at" woman.... congratulations. If you are one of the others, I think it's time for a spot of soul-searching.

All of us, once we acquire a family, take far too little trouble with our glamour.

There was a time when I took all the beauty advice I could lay hands on.

I wouldn't go near a "gala occasion" without my 15-minute nap on a couch with a witch hazel pad on each eye.

I remember another routine: "early morning loveliness" for the bride who wakes, rubs her

THE FEATHERY TOUCH

Three ideas for glamour: YOUNG, CROPPED HAIR—feathered in front, smooth, almost shingled at the back. Riche has brought out little fringes of real hair on Alice Bands, for the same effect without cutting.... A SWIRL OF SWANSDOWN, laced with ostrich fronds, for a shoulder wrap (Franciska, 8j to 15gns).... and heavy GLITTER EARRINGS (39s. 6d.)

eyes, and finds—for the very first time—a man there.

It all hung on waking 15 minutes before he did. It explained exactly what to have in a bedside make-up kit....

and how to put it on in the car without disturbing his rest.

No trouble at all for a girl with a strong sense of beauty duty.

How things have changed. I still wake first, but before I can so much as reach for a hair-brush, an earlier bird clamours for attention (tearfully): "Come and find my bow and arrow. Somebody stole it from under the bed!" or (threateningly): "Today, I think I shall wear my braces outside my jumper."

It's ironical that now my eyes could really use a pair of witch hazel pads, I never find time.

It's a pity that when a woman moves into what could be the most glamorous years of her life, 30 to 40 (Dior put them at 35 to 45), she is too otherwise occupied to make the most of them.

Your looks

Suppose you had to decide whether to cancel a trip to the circus with the children or a hair appointment—which would go?

If you had to choose between a long lazy lie in a scented bath or doing the cake—which would you do?

If you only had time to press either your small daughter's giggle party frock or the cocktail dress your husband likes you in best—which would you tuck?

WHERE on your list of priorities for the next few days have you placed "special attention to looks?"

Mine came as near the bottom as makes no matter. All very well if you believe—as we are so often told—that glamour comes from within.

Frankly, I don't. I've seen enough to know that glamour is almost always laid on from the outside.

With a trowel if you like. But, personally, I'm bored to death

with the popular idea that a woman of character can dash up to date on the latest beauty fads and here they are—if you care to join me.

YASHMAK EYES: you know the sort of eyes I mean—they hypnotise men, and madden the women who only use their eyes to see with.

The idea is to use two or three different shadows.

Green or blue on the lid, with a veil of gold or silver over it to give a subtle shimmer.

The third colour—brown or grey, is applied high on the lid and shaded out to the brow.

The whole effect is soft, shadowy, and Garbo-ish.

Whatever you do with shadows, use lots of mascara; or bootblack like Mrs. Gennd Legger; or—like Elizabeth Taylor

—root to outline the eyelid applied with an artist's sable brush, Number 00—is, 8d.

LIPS AND NAILS: The newest eye-catcher is to contrast them—not match them. Garnet red lips and smoky pink nails; or clear red with pale blue. It's different—and a good moment to come in if, like me, you gave up the fun of wearing nail varnish when you took on responsibility for the herbaceous border.

Luscious

MODEL-GIRL MOUTH: The luscious, ripe look comes from a special gloss put on top of the colour: 3s. 11d. at good beauty counters. (A warning for the budget-minded: ordinary grape

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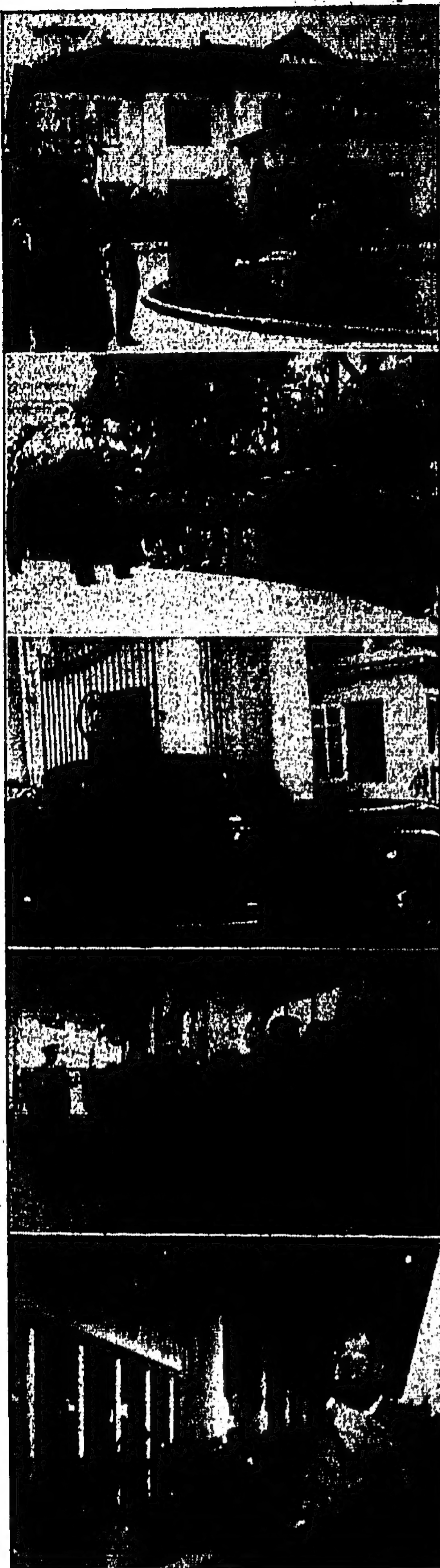
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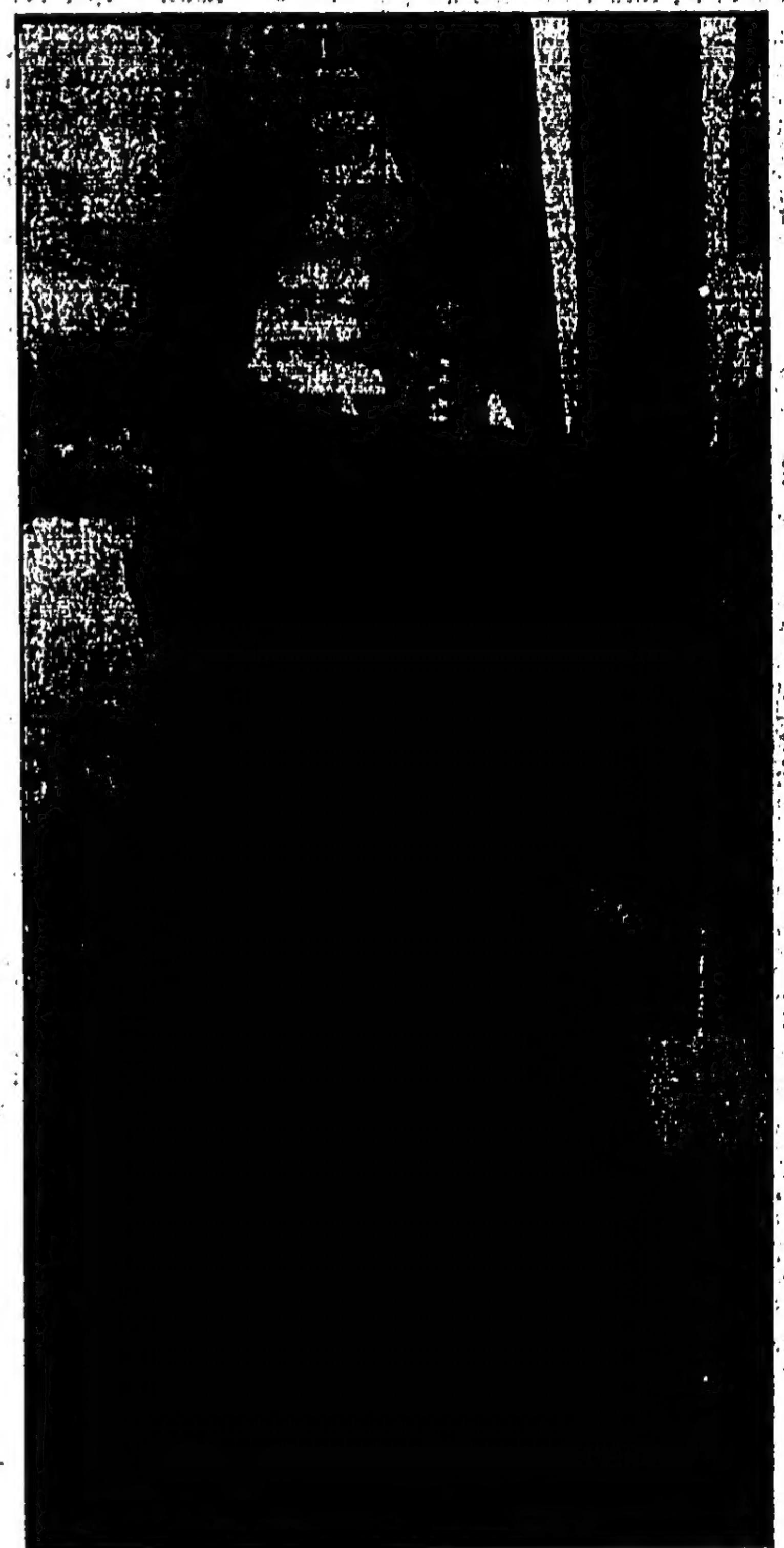
Auld Lang Syne

Around this page photographers have gathered impressions of the last minutes in Hongkong of a departing Governor and his lady... leaving a home; leaving officials; leaving friends and colleagues; leaving people of an ancient civilisation many of whom they affected and yet, perhaps, hardly knew.

Big as the jots of the Alexander Grantham, (the port fire barge), or small as a tear... emotions varied in size, but not in quality as the Granthams went out with the year.

Behind them each person celebrated its close in his own characteristic way. Children rushed to welcome the New Year in the New Year sports. Others greeted it with hilarity, or saw the old one pass in sentimental fashion.

STAFF PHOTOGRAPHERS



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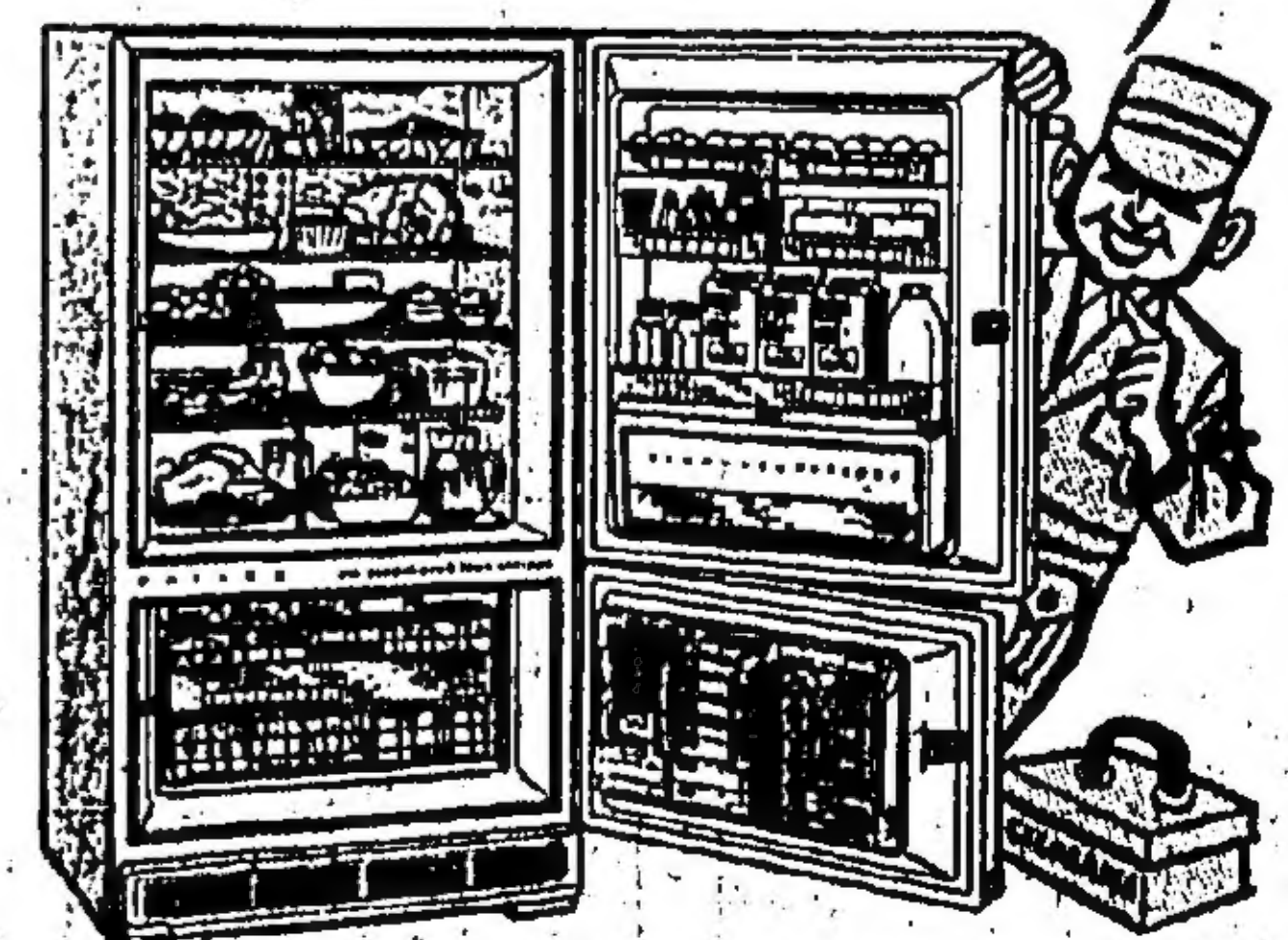
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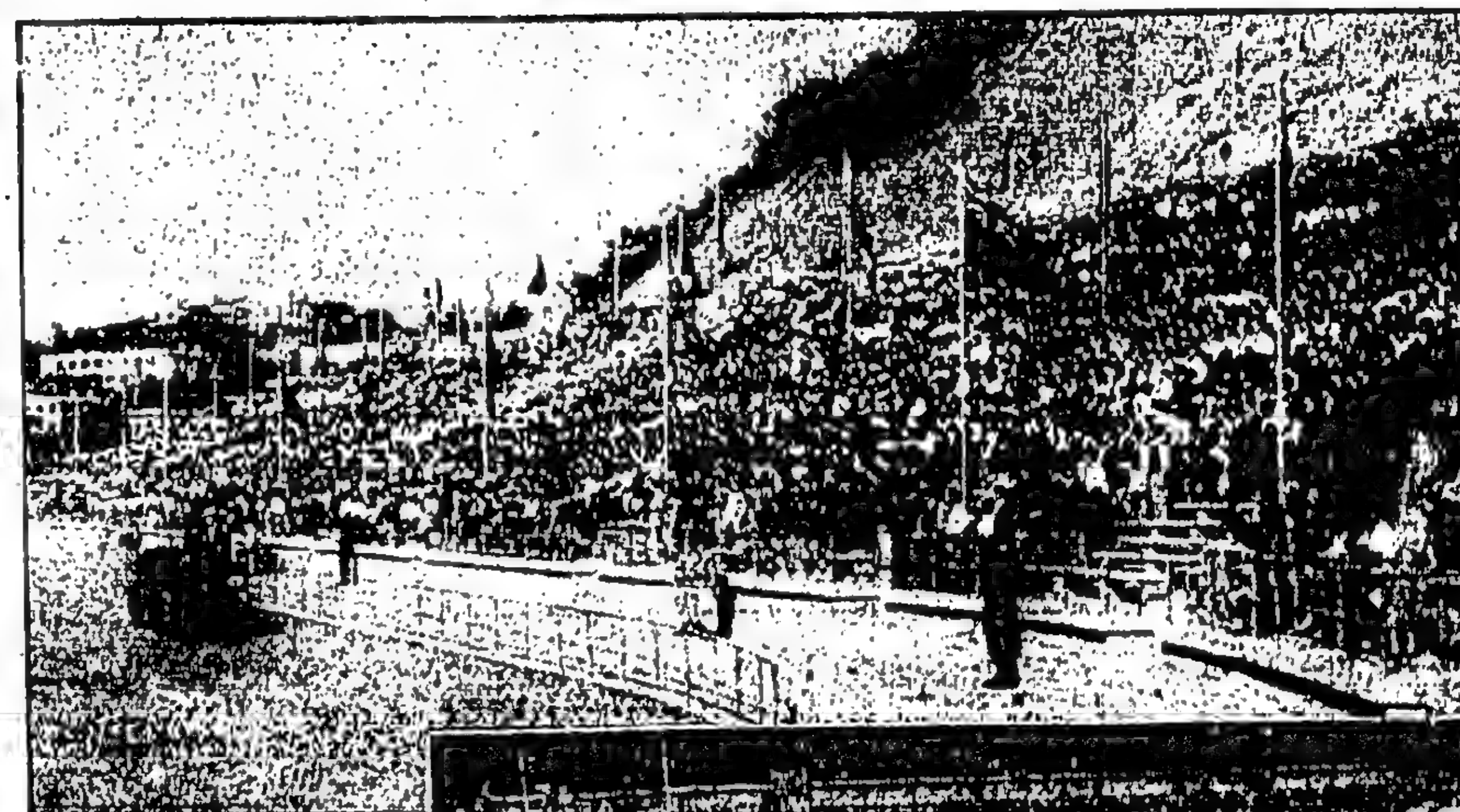
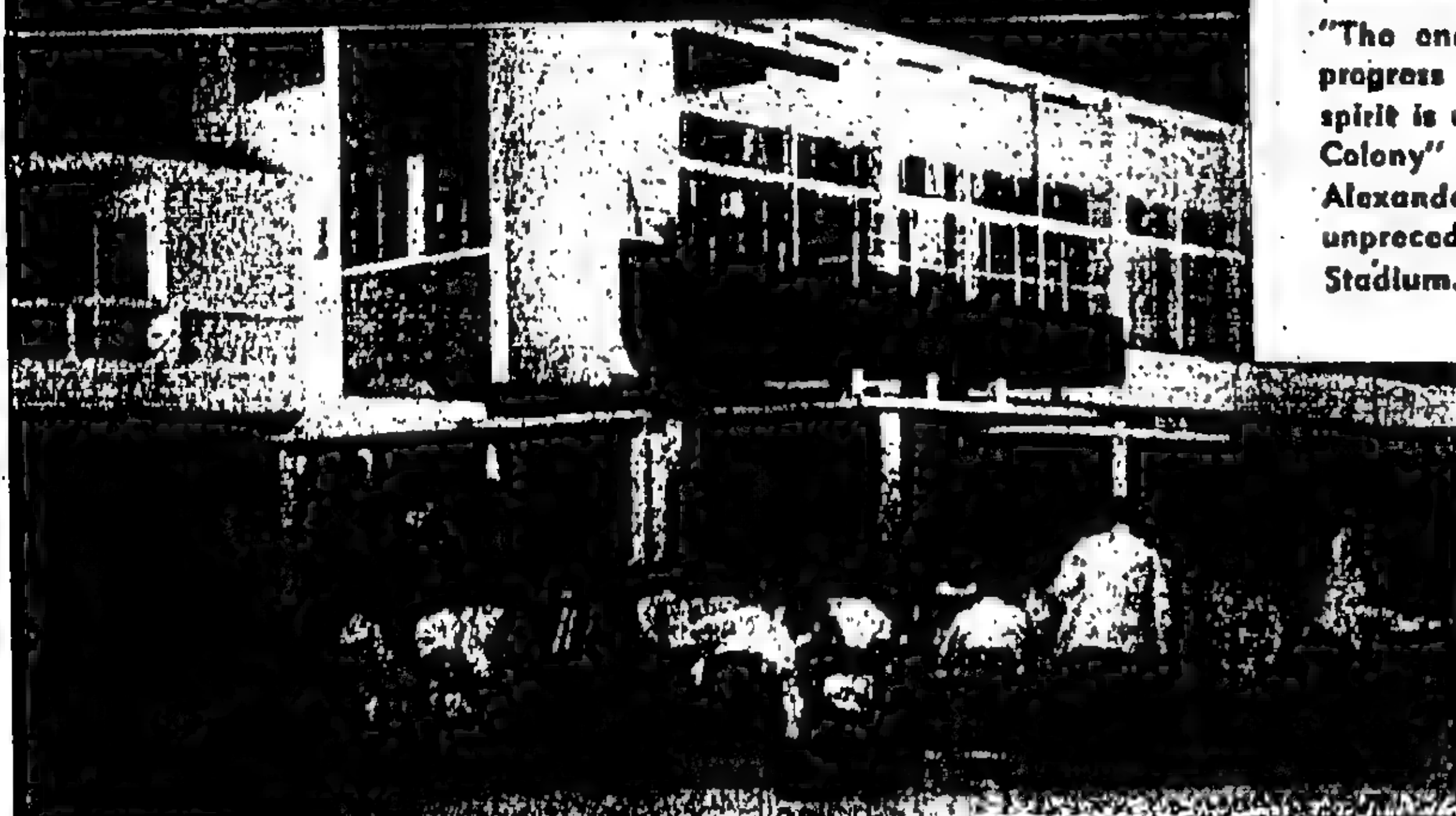
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"The end of a decade which in terms of progress and development of a community spirit is unprecedented in the annals of the Colony" (Sir Tsun-nin Chau's address to Sir Alexander Grantham) was marked by an unprecedented function at the Government Stadium.



Seats for schools had to be rationed to a few hundred for every group of thousands that wished to come. The arena was decorated with flags and drapes of red, white, and blue, and massed bands played spectators to their seats and lulled the massing tension before the Governor's arrival in an open car.

Wearing a grey morning suit, Lady Grantham in royal blue trimmed with grey fur and a hat of powder blue, they drove slowly round the perimeter track pursued by swarms of booting photographers—many of whom before now have nearly expired on some mountain track pursuing Sir Alexander's break-neck inspection of a new dam or public work.



Almost the last public engagement undertaken before their departure was the opening by Lady Grantham of a new wing to the Chinese Recreation Club (above). She is seen with the club. Patron Sir Man-kam Lo.

20,000 people gathered for a farewell ceremony given to the departing Governor, Sir Alexander Grantham, and Lady Grantham who have together guided Hongkong for 10½ of the most important and uncertain years of its history.

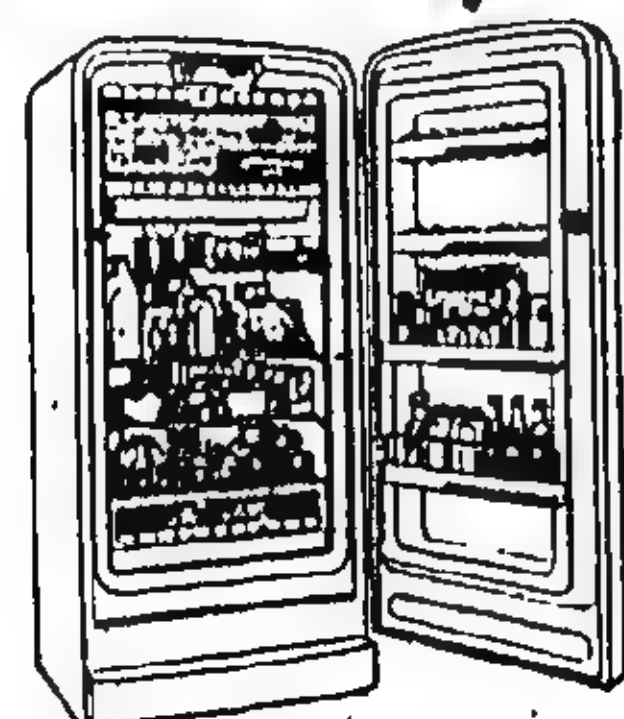
(Above—Chinese Recreation Club, see left)



A topsy turvy time of year... adults play like children in the annual Boxing Day lunatics' hockey match, while (below) boys coached by Mr W. Tingle pose with the President of the Hong-kong Cricket Club, Col. Harry Owen-Hughes, for a record of their friendly match at Chater Road.



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GIRL'S LUMBER JACKET

MATERIALS:

4 ozs. Ramada Super Knitting Wool, 8 ply, dark shade. 1 oz. Ramada Super Knitting Wool, 8 ply, light shade. 2 No. 11 and 2 No. 13 knitting needles. 8 Buttons.

MEASUREMENTS:

Length: ... 13½ inches.
Chest: ... 28 inches.
Sleeve: ... 12 inches.
Seam: ... 12 inches.

TENSION:

Using No. 11 needles 8 stitches to 1 inch.

ABBREVIATIONS:

K. knit, P. purl, st. stitch, sts. stitches, rep. repeat, beg. beginning, dec. decrease, st.st. stocking stitch (knit 1 row, purl 1 row alternately), tog. together, sl. slip, g.st. garter stitch (every row knit), ins. inches, cont. continue, patt. pattern.

BACK

Using No. 13 needles and dark shade cast on 100 sts. and work in st. for 4 ins. ending with a P. row.

Change to No. 11 needles.

Next row. K.2, * K. twice into next st. K. 0, rep. from * to end. (114 sts.)

Cont. on st.st. until work measures 10 ins. ending with a P. row.

SHAPE ARMHOLES:

Cast off 4 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. at each end of every row until 92 sts. remain.

Cont. without shaping until work measures 13 ins. ending with a K. row.

Change to light shade wool and P.1 row.

WORK FOR YOKE:

1st row. K.2, * P.1 (K. twice into next st. P.1) 3 times, K.2, rep. from * to end.

2nd row. * K.3, (P.2 tog. K.1) 3 times, rep. from * to end. 2 sts. K.2.

Rep. these 2 rows for 2½ ins. ending with a 2nd row of rib.

SHAPE SHOULDERS:

(N.B. Always regard the double st. in fancy rib patt. as 1 st.)

Keeping continuity of rib patt., cast off 10 sts. at beg. of next 4 rows, 9 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows.

RIGHT FRONT

Using No. 13 needles and dark shade wool, cast on 56 sts. and work 4 rows in st. ending with a P. row.

Next row. Make a buttonhole: K.3, cast off 3, K. to end.

Next row. P. to last 3 sts. cast on 3, P.3.

Work in st. for 1¼ ins. ending P. row, make a 2nd buttonhole in next 2 rows, work in st. for 1 inch ending P. row, make 3rd buttonhole in next 2 rows, work in st. for 1¼ ins. ending P. row, then make a 4th buttonhole, in next 2 rows.

Work 2 rows after the last buttonhole.

Work should now measure 4 ins.

Change to No. 11 needles.

Next row. K.1, K.2 tog. K.3, K.2 tog. K.1, * K.5, K. twice into next st. rep. from * to last 5 sts. K.5, (01 sts.)

Next row. P. to last 7 sts. K.7.

Now cont. in st. with 7 border sts. in g.st. making further buttonholes at regular intervals of 2½ ins. from each previous buttonhole thus:

1st row, of buttonhole: K.2, cast off 3, K. to end.

2nd row, of buttonhole: P. to last 4 sts. K.2, cast on 3, K.2.

Cont. in this way until work measures 10 ins. ending straight side edge.

SHAPE ARMHOLES:

Cast off 4 sts. at beg. of next row, then dec. 1 st. at each end on every row until 50 sts. remain.

Cont. without shaping, making regular buttonholes in front border until work measures 13 ins. ending with a K. row.

Next row. With light shade P. to end.

Now leave these sts. on a spare needle and work for pocket flap:

Using No. 11 needles and light shade cast on 20 sts. and work in fancy rib patt. as given for Back yoke for ¾ inch, ending with a 2nd patt. row.

Next row. Patt. 13, cast off 3, patt. to end.

Next row. Patt. to cast off 3 sts. cast on 3, patt. to end.

Now cont. in rib patt. on 20 sts. until work measures 1½ ins. ending with a 2nd row of rib.

Break off wool. Return to main sts. and with right side of work facing, work thus:

Next row. K.7, border st. (P.1, K. twice into next st.) twice P.1, work across sts. for pocket flap, then work remaining 9 sts. thus:—P.1, (K. twice into next st. P.1) 3 times, K.2.

Next row. * K.2, (K.1, P.2 tog.) 3 times, K.1, rep. from * to last 14 sts. (counting double patt. sts. as 1st) K.3, (P.2 tog. K.1) twice, K.7.

Now cont. in fancy rib patt. with 7 border sts. in g.st. making another buttonhole at correct interval until work measures 14 ins. ending at front edge.

SHAPE NECK AND SHOULDER:

Cast off 7 sts. at beg. of next row, then dec. 1 st. at this same edge on every row until



2 sts. remain, counting at end of a 2nd patt. row.

Cont. without shaping until work measures 15½ ins. ending at armhole edge.

Next row. Cast off 10, patt. to end.

Next row. Patt. to end.

Rep. last 2 rows once. Cast off remaining sts.

LEFT FRONT

Using No. 13 needles and dark shade wool cast on 56 sts. and work 4 ins. in st. ending with a P. row.

Change to No. 11 needles.

Next row. K.5, * K. twice into next st. K.5, rep. from *

to last 9 sts. K.1, K.2, tog. K.3, K.2 tog. K.1, (01 sts.)

Next row. K.7, P. to end.

Cont. in st. with 7 border sts. in g.st. until work measures 10 ins. ending straight side edge.

Next row. Patt. to end.

Rep. last 2 rows once. Cast off remaining sts.

SHAPE ARMHOLES:

As given for right front, then cont. on 50 sts. without shaping, until work measures 13 ins. ending with a K. row.

Next row. With light shade wool, P.12, with dark shade wool cast off 20, with light shade wool, P. to end.

Leave these sts. on a spare needle, then make a pocket flap exactly as given for right front

pocket flap ending with a 2nd row of rib.

Break off wool.

Return to main sts. and, with right side of work facing, work thus:

Next row. K.2, P.1, (K. twice into next st. P.1) 3 times, K.2, work across sts. for pocket flap, P.1, (K. twice into next st. P.1) twice, K.7.

Next row. K.7, (K.1, P.2 tog.) twice, K.1, * K.3, (P.2 tog. K.1) 3 times, rep. from * to last 2 sts. K.2.

Now cont. in fancy rib patt. with 7 border sts. in g.st. until work measures 14 ins. ending front edge.

SHAPE NECK AND SHOULDER:

As given for right front.

SLEEVES

Using No. 13 needles and dark shade wool, cast on 50 sts. and work 3 ins. in st. ending with a P. row.

Change to No. 11 needles.

Next row. K.1, * K. twice into next st. K.2, K. twice into next st. K.3, rep. from * to end. (64 sts.)

Cont. in st. inc. 1 st. at both ends of every 6th row until work measures 13½ ins. ending with a P. row.

SHAPE TOP:

Dec. 1 st. both ends of every alternate row until 60 sts. remain.

Next row. Cast off 2, work to last 2 sts. work 2 tog.

Rep. last row until 18 sts. remain. Cast off remaining sts.

COLLAR

Using No. 11 needles and light shade wool, cast on 16 sts. and work 8 rows in g.st.

Next row. K. to last 4 sts. turn.

Next row. K. to end.

Work 6 rows g.st.

Rep. last 6 rows until short edge of collar measures 11 ins. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press work lightly on wrong side using a hot iron over a damp cloth. Join side and sleeve seams. Fold lower edge up on to wrong side to form a hem with cast on edge to inc. row at top of welt, and stitch neatly on wrong side. Join sleeve seams. Treat the sleeve edges in the same way as welt at lower edge. Back stitch shoulder seams and sew sleeves into armholes, matching seams to side seams. Sew short edge of collar round neck edge, beginning and ending at centre of front borders. Work in buttonhole stitch round buttonholes in welt through double fabric. Work a row of double crochet round pocket flaps. Sew on buttons to match buttonholes. Press seams.

A Man's Pullover

MATERIALS:

Sleeveless:

7 ozs. Lister's Lavenda 3 ply or 9 ozs. Lavenda Crisp Crepe 3 ply.

With Sleeves:

11 ozs. Lister's Lavenda 3 ply or 13 ozs. Lavenda Crisp Crepe 3 ply. Pair each needles Nos. 13 and 11.

MEASUREMENTS:

To fit 42 ins. Chest measurement. Length from shoulder, 21½ ins.; Length of undersleeve seam, 19 ins.

TENSION:

8 sts. and 11 rows equal one inch. (No. 11 needles)

ABBREVIATIONS:

K.—Knit; P.—Purl; sts.—stitches; ins.—inches; tog.—together; st.—st.—stocking st., which is the smooth side of one row knit one row purl; SKPO.—Slip one, knit one, pass slipped st. over; TBS.—Through backs of sts.; K2IN.—Knit twice into st., i.e. into front and then into back of st.

SLEEVELESS PULLOVER BACK

Using No. 13 needles cast on 148 sts. and work in K.1, P.1 rib for 4 ins.

Change to No. 11 needles and st. (1st row—knit) increasing one st. at each end of 7th and every following 8th row until 170 sts. are on needle.

Continue on these sts. until work measures 13 ins. from commencement.

SHAPE ARMHOLES:

Cast off 7 sts. at beginning of next 2 rows, then cast off 3 sts. at beginning of next 2 rows.

Next row: K.2, SKPO, knit to within 4 sts. K.2 tog. K.2.

Next row: Purl.

Repeat last 2 rows until 120 sts. remain, ending with a purl row.

Now increase one st. at each end of next and every following 6th row four times (128 sts.). Continue on these sts. until work measures 8½ ins. from commencement of armhole shaping.

SHAPE SHOULDERS:

Cast off 10 sts. at beginning of next 8 rows.

With or without sleeves in Lister's Lavenda 3 ply or Lavenda Crisp Crepe 3 ply. For hand or machine.

Leave remaining 48 sts. on a spare needle.

FRONT

Work as Back as far as **.

DIVIDE FOR NECK OPENING:

Right side facing.

Next row: K.2 IN, K.56, K.2 tog. K.1, turn.

Next row: Purl.

Next row: Knit to within 3 sts., K.2 tog. K.1.

Repeat last 2 rows increasing one st. at armhole edge on 4th and every following 6th row until 6 increases have been worked.

Continue on these sts. still decreasing at Neck Edge as before until 40 sts. remain.

Continue on these sts. until work measures 8½ ins. from commencement of armhole shaping.

SHAPE SHOULDER:

Commencing at armhole edge, cast off 10 sts. at beginning of next and each alternate row four times.

Return to remaining sts., rejoin wool and work to correspond with first side working SKPO instead of K.2 tog. at Neck Edge.

NECKBAND

Join right shoulder seam.

With right side of work facing and commencing at left front shoulder, rejoin wool and using No. 13 needles pick up and knit 80 sts. to right shoulder; and finally (K.2 tog.) eight times, across 48 sts. at back of neck. (200 sts.).

1st row: (P.1, k.1) fifty-nine times, P.2 tog. (k.1, p.1) thirty-nine times.

2nd row: (K.1, p.1) thirty-eight times, k.1, k.2 tog. SKPO, k.1, (p.1, k.1) fifty-eight times.

3rd row: (P.1, k.1) fifty-eight times, P.2 tog. tbs, P.2 tog. (k.1, p.1) thirty-eight times.

4th row: (K.1, p.1) thirty-seven times, K.1, K.2 tog. SKPO, k.1, (p.1, k.1) fifty-seven times.

5th row: (P.1, k.1) fifty-seven times, P.2 tog. tbs, P.2 tog. (k.1, p.1) thirty-seven times.

6th row: (K.1, p.1) thirty-six times, K.1, k.2 tog. SKPO, k.1, (p.1, k.1) fifty-six times.

7th row: (P.1, k.1) fifty-six times, P.2 tog. tbs, P.2 tog. (k.1, p.1) thirty-six times.

8th row: (K.1, p.1) thirty-five times, K.1, k.2 tog. SKPO, k.1, (p.1, k.1) fifty-five times.

Cast off loosely in rib.

ARMBANDS:

Join left shoulder seams.

With right side of work facing, rejoin wool and using No. 13 needles pick up and knit 180 sts. evenly round armhole.

Work in k.1, p.1 rib for 8 rows.

Cast off loosely in rib.

PULLOVER WITH SLEEVES

Work exactly as Sleeveless Pullover omitting Armbands.

SLEEVES

Using No. 13 needles cast on 72 sts. and work in k.1, p.1 rib for 3 ins.

Change to No. 11 needles and work in st. (1st row—knit) increasing one st. at each end of 5th and every following 6th row until 120 sts. are on needle.

Continue on these sts. until work measures 19 ins. from commencement.

SHAPE HEAD:

Cast off 6 sts. at beginning of next 2 rows, then k.2 tog. at beginning of every row until work measures 26 ins. from commencement.

Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Pin out and press each piece on wrong side under a damp cloth avoiding ribbed welts.

SLEEVELESS PULLOVER:

Join side seams. Press all seams.

PULLOVER WITH SLEEVES:

Join side, left shoulder and sleeve seams. Sew in sleeves placing centre of head of sleeve to shoulder seams. Press all seams.

Look to Sisters
LAVENDA
for the latest in wool

All star cast includes:

- ★ widest colour range
- ★ this season's fashion colours
- ★ all-plies plus speedy DOUBLE CRISP
- ★ Lavenda—the only wool with the fashion twist (knits up firmer, rounder, smoother, and evenly.)

ON SALE AT LEADING
DEPARTMENT STORES AND SHOPS
IN HONGKONG AND KOWLOON.

Sole Agents:

FIELDING, BROWN & FINCH, (FAR EAST), LTD.



BRITISH fashion is accused at times of being "boring." But what could be more so than this blanket cape from Paris? Designed by Hermes, it is in a brown, green and dark rust Glen checked wool. It fastens by means of buckled leather tabs and the whole cape, from its tiny mandarin collar round the sweep of the entire hem, is banded in leather too. It is a practical idea for a country walk. If it rains the children could always shelter under it.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

If bathroom space is at a premium in your house, you might investigate one of the new triangular spongers designed to fit neatly into a corner.

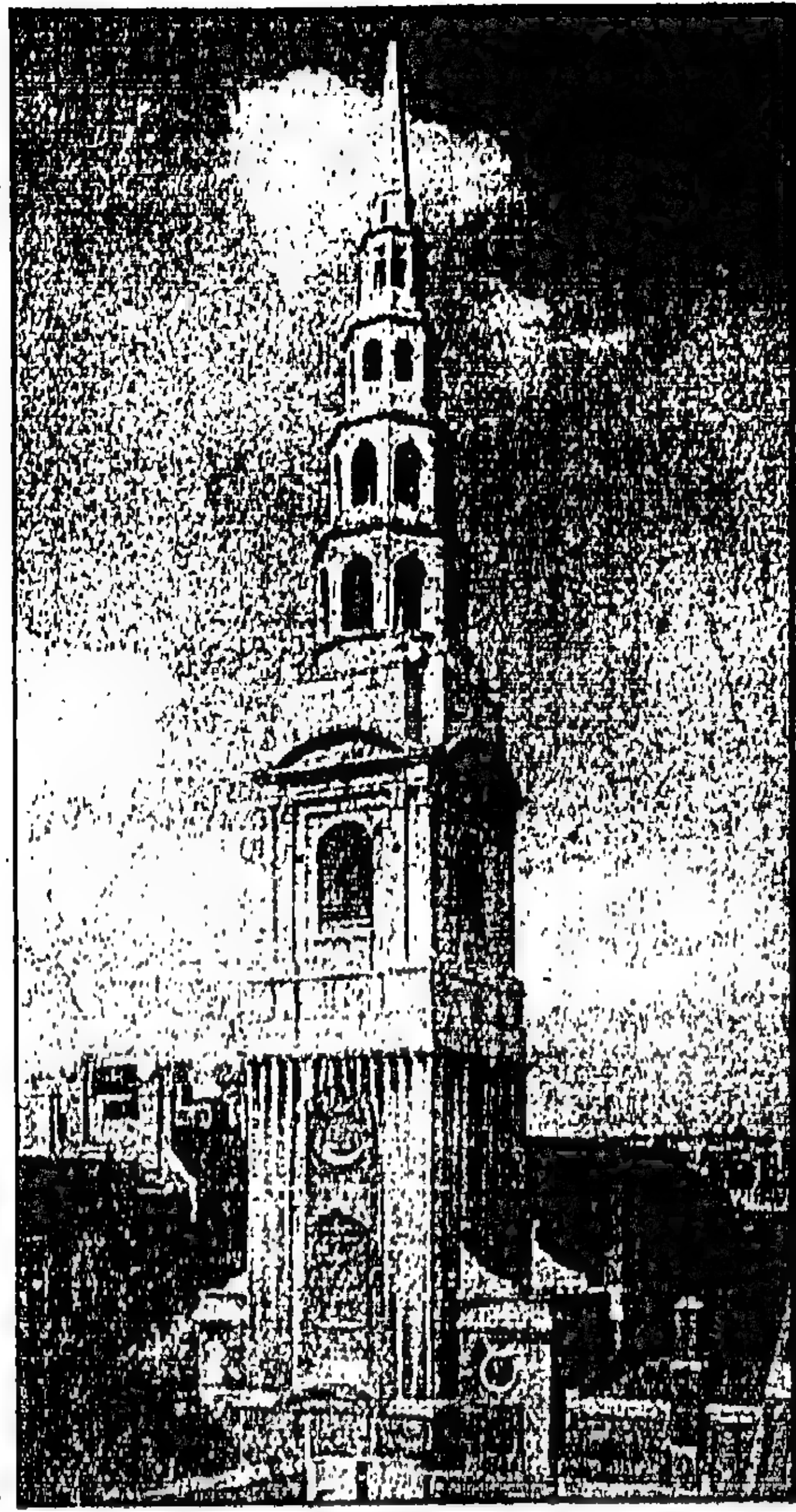
Simplify packing by acquiring shoe-socks to hold your shoes. Old socks can be used; so can plastic stocking cases.

Detergents are more valuable in hard water than in soft. Hard water wastes a certain

amount of soap, as it combines with minerals in the water to form scum. In soft water, however, soap does an excellent and economical job.

Bed-making can be simplified if you use spreads that have seaming or some kind of marking to delineate width.

The practice of singing with your child can provide him with a resource with which to amuse himself when he must be alone.



The Journalist Church AND THE OLD BELL INN

THE journalist's church, St Bride's in Fleet Street has been restored and re-dedicated according to a message from London.

St Bride's was blasted and gutted during the blitz on London in 1940.

That was the second time the famous church had been destroyed. According to tradition it was burnt down completely during the Great Fire in 1666 and rebuilt by Sir Christopher Wren.

No doubt the workmen engaged on the second reconstruction used the "Old Bell" inn situated a few feet away on the other side of St Bride's Lane for refreshment.

Possibly, too, few of them realised that the "Old Bell," or the "Swan" as it was known at the time, was built by Wren for the same purpose.

The Old Bell is not at all known by many of the famous pubs in Fleet Street.

I found the Old Bell in 1953, or at least I was guided there by an "Old China Hand"—Graham Barrow of Reuters.

Oddly enough I saw more Hongkong Cricket Club men in the Old Bell than in any one of the Club itself on any one day.

There was "G. B." Ted Lewis of the RAF, Jim Henry of Reuters, Bill O'Reilly and Keith Miller of the Australian Test team and Bill Phillips all wearing the Club tie.

By NOEL CRAIG

Just for a good Hongkong measure Frank Leyshon of Sun Miguel, Jack Murray, the Government Public Relations Officer, and Monty Parrott of A.A.P.—Reuters dropped in at various times.

I spent many pleasant hours in the Old Bell talking to the "Boss" Len Broughton and his wife Billye.

Len, who died recently, first saw Hongkong in the Navy (HMS Hawkins) in 1921.

In exchange for information about the Colony he told me about the Old Bell.

But in order to understand the significance of Fleet Street one must remember that, whereas one leaves the City of Westminster at Temple Bar, the City of London proper is not entered until one reaches

Ludgate Hill. The intervening district (Farringdon Ward Without) is in the "Liberties of the City", and thus for many years enjoyed the protection of the City, but was free from many of the City's regulations—regulations which, under the City's XVII Century puritanical government, were often vexatious.

It was for this reason that Fleet Street was for many years the centre of London's night life.

That upping street distinguished by the name of Fleet.

Where tavern signs hang thicker far Than trophies down at Westminster.

From early days Fleet Street has been famous for its taverns. Ben Jonson held his court at "The Devil and St Dunstan" by Temple Bar; Pepys, who was born just around the corner from the Old Bell frequently mentioned convivial evening in Fleet Street, and Dr. Samuel Johnson could be found at the "Cheshire Cheese."

In view of these favourable circumstances, it was to me more than odd that historians of Fleet Street give no more than passing mention of the Old Bell which possessed more visible signs of antiquity than any other of the Fleet Street taverns.

The explanation possibly arises from the fact that generations of landlords had the habit of changing the name of the house from time to time.

During the past two centuries the Old Bell has been variously known as the "Ten Bells" and the "Great Tom of Oxford" and was possibly identical with the "Twelve Bells" and the "Golden Bell."

A little deed of 1720 greatly adds to our knowledge by identifying the present house with that which had been formerly known as the "Swan." (Not to be confused with the "Black Swan" which was on the opposite side of the road in the parish of St Dunstan.)

The history of the Swan is interesting as it has preserved (and still preserves) associations with the printing trade and journalism over more years than any other tavern in London.

William Caxton was the first English printer and at his press within the precincts of Westminster Abbey he was assisted by Wynkin de Worde who eventually succeeded him and later issued books "Emprinted at the sign of the Swine in Fleetstreet."

As Wynkin de Worde was a parishioner of St Bride's and was buried in that church, it seems reasonable to suppose that the Old Bell was his place of business—possibly with a tavern on the first floor as was common in the XVI and XVII Centuries.

There is a further reference to the Swan in Fleet Street in the early XVIII Century, when the scurrilous publisher, Edmund Curll, accused the poet Alexander Pope of pouring an emetic into his half pint of Canary Wine when the two met at the tavern.

The Old Bell was fortunate enough to escape the "Second Fire of London" in 1696 and like the Windmill Theatre never closed its doors during the air raids although Wren's church of St Bride only a few feet from the windows, was burnt to a shell.



Joyce Meikle.

SEX-SHOOTING IN SCOTLAND

AN 18-year-old British-Army officer-cadet, home on Christmas leave, shot dead his sweetheart and a television executive with whom he had been told she was having a love affair. Then he shot himself.

Church bells were pealing in the quiet, Glasgow, Scotland suburb of Pollokshields when the three were found in a small pale blue car. They had been dead for 10 hours.

In the back seat was a doctor's son James Wends, who had told friends he would become engaged to 18-year-old Joyce Meikle during his Christmas leave. Crumpled over the wheel was 35-year-old John Halley, sales executive for Scottish Independent Television. Next to him was Joyce Meikle, a part time model.

Joyce, who also worked as a television accounts clerk in Glasgow, first met Halley, a married man, soon after she joined the counting house staff three months ago.

Said a senior police officer: "We are not looking for anyone else. A post-mortem will be held tomorrow." The three people died from gunshot wounds in the head. A firearm was found in the car. Said a friend of Joyce's, who saw her only last week: "She was talking of Jimmy's Christmas leave. She seemed so glad he was coming home. She told me they were thinking of marriage when Jimmy was settled in his career. He was going to be a chartered accountant."

Said an employee at the TV studios: "Joyce and Mr Halley went out together several times, mostly in his car. But Joyce was not keen on talking about it. I think she wanted to keep it secret. But she made no secret of the fact that her boyfriend was coming home for Christmas. She did not appear to be upset. In fact she was eagerly looking forward to seeing Jimmy."



The death-car being towed away.

GOLDEN SWALLOW

IN a pleasant pavilion beside the garden lake sat Wang Kam Yen, which, in English, could give the sense of, Miss Golden Swallow. Wang being the family, or surname. All morning she had been practising those delicate brush strokes of complex beauty which illustrate rather than symbolise the ideas of the Chinese people.

She allowed the brush to fall from her fingers: "I wish I could go to school," she said.

Her tutor, the old man Lo, froze into an image of shocked silence; her maid glanced at the mother sitting nearby; the mother gazed placidly at the lake.

Golden Swallow said again, "I wish I could go to school; I wish all girls could go to school."

There followed a terrible silence for among superior persons none speaks while anger seizes the tongue.

The mother said, "Doubtless the heat of the morning and prolonged application to the task have disturbed my daughter's mind. The lesson is finished."

Old man Lo went stumbling towards the house; the timid maid collected the ink madding apparatus, the brushes, and the books. Golden Swallow gazed into the lake and stared straight into the eyes of a goggling goldfish. "I wish I could go to school," she said for the third time.

Mother Wang was of rather advanced years for those long ago days. Nevertheless a sense of that which is proper had to be observed, and for a girl to say in front of outsiders that she wished to live a life away from the family bordered perilously near a wanton remark. The father was told and for a time the tranquillity of the family was disturbed rather as the wind, at times, moved upon the surface of the garden lake.

BUT with the passing days, so Golden Swallow's yearning to attend school increased, but such things as schools for young ladies did not exist; were not even contemplated; but Golden Swallow thought of a plan.

If Mr Wang had a weakness, it was that of consulting itinerant fortune-tellers, and no matter how contradictory their divinations, no sooner did he hear the chiming handbell and the sing-song cry of the fortune-teller than he ordered his gates to be opened and the vagabond necromancer invited in. There he would sit while the bones or tortoise-shell or the chart were consulted, happy with every good omen decreed by every suggestion of ill.

So it happened that one afternoon while drowsing in his garden house, he heard the silver chime followed by the plaintive cry of the fortune-teller. He summoned his servant and gave orders that the soothsayer be brought to him. The servant returned with a young man of grave beauty, upon whom waited a bearded attendant carrying the paraphernalia of the fortune-teller's craft. Mr Wang started in surprise. Surely you are too young to have made much progress in your art?

By JOHN LUFF

The young bowed politely. "My years are few but my knowledge is considerable," he answered confidently yet modestly.

And sure enough that which was said he recalled with great clarity, there was no ambiguity such as "it seems" or "perhaps," and Mr Wang's spirits rose.

Then the young man addressed himself to the future.

"You have a daughter," he said, "of great intelligence. Indeed she should have been a son for she could be a great scholar, if she attended the schools of learning."

"HOW can that be?" asked Mr Wang, "for whoever heard of woman attending school and sitting the Imperial Examinations?"

"Nevertheless thy daughter should," answered the fortune-teller, at which the attendant laughed so heartily that he blew his beard off.

"What is this?" asked Mr Wang, "are you not my daughter's maid in spite of your mannish dress?"

The attendant now thoroughly frightened ran away but the fortune-teller remained.

"Father," she said, "have I not convinced you that I could safely attend school and at least learn the learning of the books?"

"Golden Swallow, I am ashamed; dress thyself properly," and he arose and stomped into the house.

Nevertheless Golden Swallow had won the day, partly because she had revealed the way in which she could attend school, and partly because as the only child of the favoured wife, she embodied the qualities of favoured children; but to attend school, that was a weighty matter indeed.

YET there came a day, following much argument, when Golden Swallow, beautiful-like, clad in all the finery of a son of a splendid house, rode upon the back of a fine mare towards Peking.

Before, beside, and behind her rode a splendid company of spirited horsemen, so that her arrival at the school was a matter of some importance.

There were difficulties, at least, that can be imagined. Certain matters of privacy that she insisted upon, to the point of the seeming ludicrous, but once these apparent eccentricities were accepted, life became very pleasant for Golden Swallow. And then came the day when she wished to throw

away all her splendidly won freedom.

There was, a youth, a year her senior, who befriended her in those early days of innocent ragging when she had so passionately resented the intimate word or gesture.

His name was Wu Din Chee and perhaps it was instinct that led him to seek friendship with

this so handsome youth, for one day he sought Golden Swallow out and asked her to accompany him on a walk.

They walked in pleasant silence until Wu said: "Wang, you are a strange fellow. If you were not so good a scholar, truly I would think you were a woman." Golden Swallow did not answer.

Wu said: "What a fellow you are, really now, you're blushing like a woman."

And so the golden days and silver nights passed quickly in that beautiful city, and love gave completeness to Golden Swallow's work. Her teachers gave great praise to her delicate brush work; and one of the boys in the silver book to this day.

In that manner of leisurely patience so strange to the Western mind, Golden Swallow spent blissful hours of honeyed sweet work, content to know that Wu was her friend. And Wu, with that inner understanding that all can be explained was content to see this friendship grow until it surpassed all else.

There came for Golden Swallow a message from home, a summons she could not ignore, a summons for which most girls of her age waited in idle ease and greeted with fear or delight.

THE honoured parents sent greetings and bade their daughter return as quickly as good manners and custom permitted, for a husband had been found and, as an auspicious day, it barely two months hence, Golden Swallow must hurry.

Only those who know the East can imagine the unseen sorrow that Golden Swallow hid behind her eyes as she bade farewell to her teachers and fellow scholars. The parting with Wu was a painful time of silence, for Golden Swallow could not say that which both perceived but only she understood. For Wu there was the double pain of the loss of a friend and that a friend alone, no matter how dear, could not kindle within the heart causing it well-nigh break.

So Golden Swallow returned to her home and dressed again as a girl, but her grief was such that her cheeks grew pale.

There was talk for a time of postponing the wedding, but Mr Wang would have none of it. So for the second time in her life, Golden Swallow did a daring and unconventional deed.

She took a jade pin from her hair, an ornament of exquisite beauty, and she encased it with a letter and sent it to her friend.

Wu, Her letter said that the jade pin belonged to his schoolfellow Wang and that if Wu could understand he should come quickly for surely her heart was breaking because she must marry the man of her parents' choice.

When Wu received the letter and the pin, his heart leaped with joy. All that was so mysterious was now made plain and that strange emotion was now perfectly explained. He made ready immediately, but first planned to call at his parents' house to tell them of his intentions.

He travelled gaily along the road with his servant following closely and almost within sight of his house was fallen upon by a band of robbers who used him, so severely that by the time his frightened servant returned with aid, he was dead.

POOR Golden Swallow waited and waited and the day before she was to leave for her bridal home, news came of her lover's fate.

Imagine then her poor tortured mind, as she sat in stately solitude, while the ceremony of happiness and sorrow proceeded. The next day in splendid marriage gown, she sat in the bridal chair which sweetest content to know that Wu was her friend. And Wu, with that inner understanding that all can be explained was content to see this friendship grow until it surpassed all else.

Now Golden Swallow should have sat in the chair and should not have awaited until she reached the home of her husband's parents. That much she knew, and that much custom demanded. But as we have seen she was an unconventional girl.

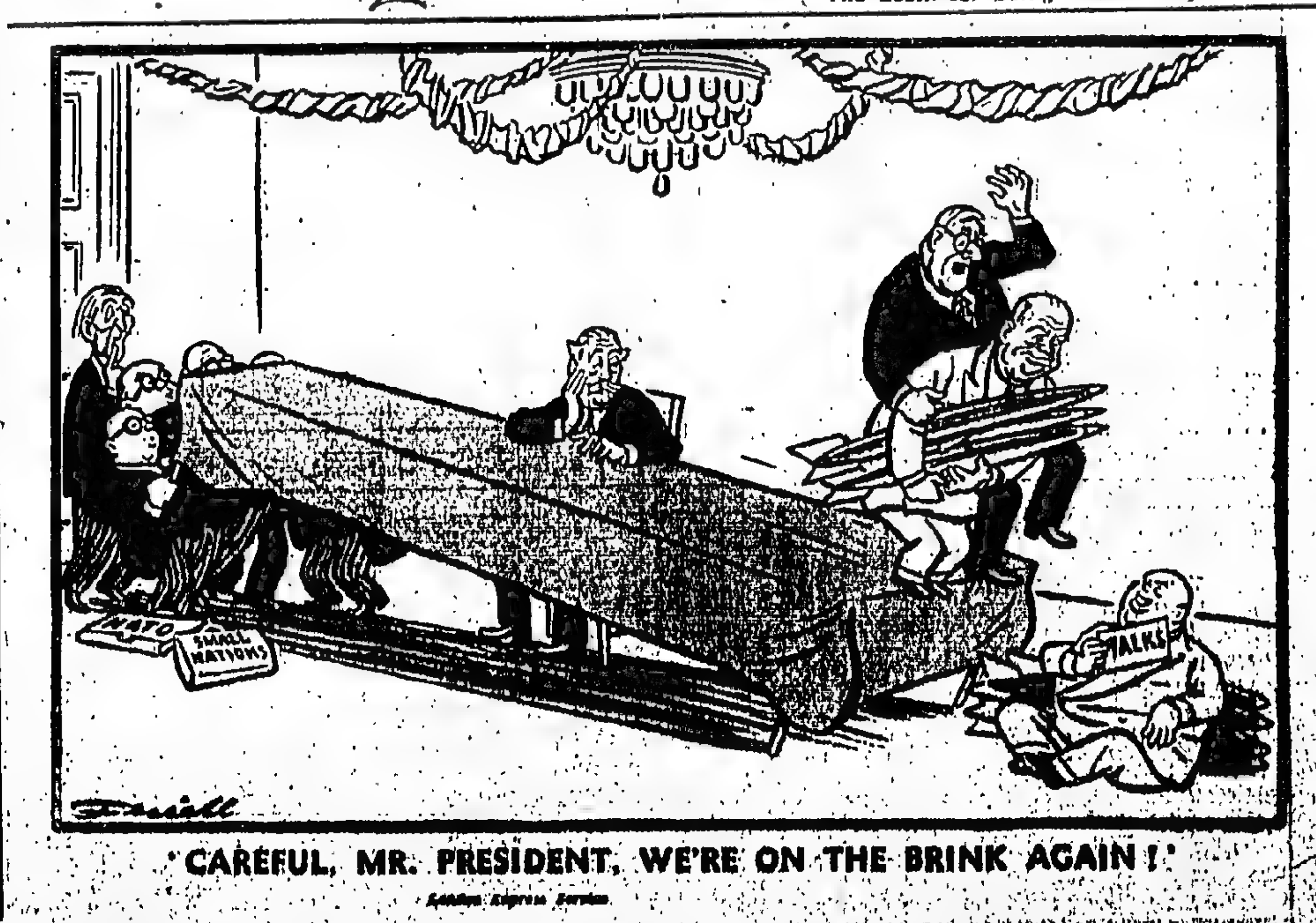
On the way to her future husband's parents she had to pass the home of the family of Wu, and there upon a gentle slope looking towards Peking was a new grave. Golden Swallow ordered her bearers to turn aside and when they hesitated her passionate tears drove them to obey. In fear and trembling they set down the chair and Golden Swallow alighted.

And at the marriage retinue gazed in fearful wonder, they saw two butterflies hovering above the grave. For fully five minutes the butterflies played and danced a joyful saraband upon the gold sunbeams. And then, as if at a word, both butterflies rose upon the wings of the west wind and were carried towards the morning.

SLOWLY in her rich dress of gold and red, she fearfully approached the grave. Slowly she sank to the ground and bowed her head and her tears fell like silver rain upon the parched earth that covered her lover's body.

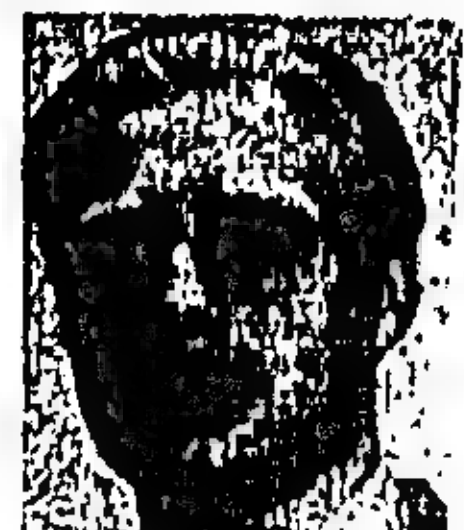
And then, so runs the oral tradition, the ground trembled and shook and suddenly burst open where Golden Swallow knelt. For a moment they saw her in her fine marriage gown, the next moment she had disappeared into the grave which had opened to receive her. With another mighty shudder the earth closed again.

And at the marriage retinue gazed in fearful wonder, they saw two butterflies hovering above the grave. For fully five minutes the butterflies played and danced a joyful saraband upon the gold sunbeams. And then, as if at a word, both butterflies rose upon the wings of the west wind and were carried towards the morning.



CAREFUL, MR. PRESIDENT. WE'RE ON THE BRINK AGAIN!

...AND WHAT THE MEN WHO USUALLY PICK THEM SUGGEST



FOR YOUR DISC LIST

by Cyril Stapleton

BIG surprise in the pop business this Christmas is—Christmas!

Because up to Number One on the hit parade comes a Christmas carol. It is "Mary's Boy Child," by Harry Belafonte.

Must be that Mum and Dad have begun to buy records again. Already it has sold 650,000 and is expected to top a million. It seemed a seasonable gift to me, anyway, until I was smitten with a sudden suspicion.

Surely the youngsters who rave over Presley and Steele had not also taken to singing Christmas carols. And Belafonte's disc is a perfectly straight version of the carol.

Convinced

EVERYONE in the business told me the kids must be buying it, but it took a long-distance call to a Glasgow record store to convince me.

It was true. The youngsters who were suffering from Haley fever a few short months ago now look like turning a Christmas carol into the biggest selling popular song since "Haley's 'Rock Around The Clock'."

I was so taken by this that I thought I'd better have a word with the experts—the men who make a living out of spinning the records they think you will buy. The disc-jockeys, in fact.

Sam Costa agreed that it was fantastic. "But, at least," he said, "it's a ray of hope for the future. Pity I'm not plugging records at the moment. I'd follow up with a wonderful record by the RCA Symphony Orchestra called 'For People Who Don't Like Classical Music'—and it's made up of meaty excerpts from the classics. Very hard for anyone to resist."

Wise words

THEN I'd give 'em 'Swing' in 'Hi-Fi' by the Gerry Fielding Orchestra. It includes "Rattle Dazzle"—a rock 'n' roller—but the whole is calculated to improve teenage tastes.

To those wise words of Costa, let me add a few from Alan Dell. "If you're buying for older folk, LPs are your best bet," says Alan.

Dell speaks wholeheartedly in favour of "The Four Freshmen and Five Saxes." Says he: "It's a great LP by any standards. And if you think your friends will like great songs from the past sung with sentimental intimacy, try Dolores Gray's 'Warm Brandy.' I rate it Five Stars."

The annual spate of new songs with hopefully around Christmas rarely amounts to much. But Vera Lynn's "I'll Remember Today" and "Home for the Holidays," according to Alan, could "happen."

"You couldn't go far wrong with the LP 'Sammy Davis Jun.' David Jacobs tells me. 'I'd give it with equal confidence to living teenagers and the sophisticated. Guaranteed to warm up anybody on a cold day.'"

"And a new girl has come into my life," David continues. "Trudy Richards. I know nothing about her but her name, but I'm a fan already. And after you've heard her LP 'Crazy In Love' you will be too. Cracking accompaniment by Billy May makes it really exceptional."

"On 76, Sinatra's 'All The Way' and 'Chicago' are a fine coupling of jazz and sentiment. Delicious."

Short list

IF you would like to make a copy of my own short list to pop into your shopping bag, here it is.

FOR THE TEENAGER who likes music with a beat: Frankie Vaughan singing a song called "Kisses are Sweeter than Wine." This is already being spoken of as a future No. 1 and Frankie's best so far. Released on December 1.

FOR THE TEENAGER with a sense of humour: the Stargazers' hilarious "Skiffing Dogs." Dave Carey, lead singer with the group, wrote this song and it pokes good fun at all the "big dogs" of the skiffle world. Released December 18.

FOR THE TEENAGER who likes a robust voice: Ronnie Hilton singing a big, powerful song called "That's Why I Was Born." I've never heard Ron in better form. He and Frankie should be up top together.

FOR THE VERY YOUNG kids: Capitol have just released the "Sparky" series.

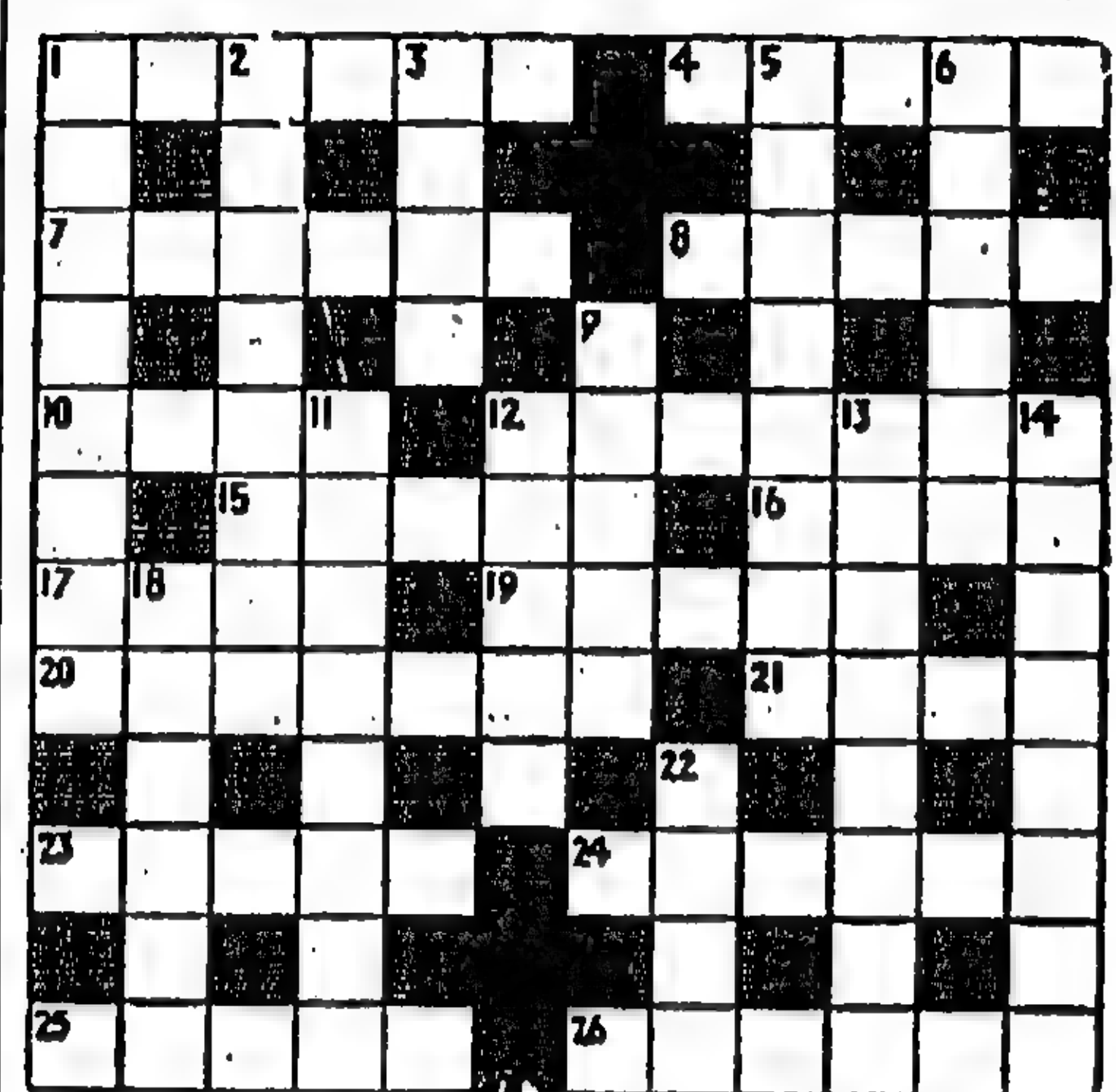
"Sparky's Magic Piano," "The Talking Train," "Music Mix-up," and "Sparky's Magic Echo."

FOR THE SINATRA FAN: "The Jolly Christmas and Frank Sinatra Album" with Gordon Jenkins's orchestra and choir. On one side half a dozen assorted carols, on the other, such popular Christmas tunes as

"Jingle Bells," "The Christmas Story."

FOR ANYONE GIVING A PARTY who wants something everyone can join in: Winifred Atwell's "Let's Have a Ball" is a darn good buy.

A British Crossword Puzzle



- ACROSS**
1. Cut for a child? (6)
 2. Official proclamation (8)
 3. Not a course (6)
 4. Putting into practice (8)
 5. Crowd noise (4)
 6. Cerebration (8)
 7. And Ancient (6)
 8. Of sound mind (4)
 9. Imitates animals (4)
 10. Wetland mixture (8)
 11. Quality all too rare nowadays (7)
 12. Common place-name ending (4)
 13. Baptismal name (8)
 14. Cool and calm (8)
 15. It's thick, stupid! (8)
 16. Takes firmly in hand (6)
- DOWN**
1. Towards the source (8)
 2. Seized, as most office workers are (6)
 3. Nibble, for example (4)
 4. Repeated with scorn (8)
 5. Twice able to dance! (6)
 6. Utter stupidity (8)
 7. Candidate's favour (8)
 8. Hurra in a foundry (8)
 9. Suppliers of our needs (8)
 10. Young animals (8)
 11. Poach (8)
 12. Only half applauded (4)

FRIDAY'S CROSSWORD—Across: 3. Burnings, 7. Rumba, 8. Burdened, 10. Nelson, 13. Dishes, 15. Home, 17. Affired, 18. Release, 20. Arid, 21. Yard-arm, 22. Lesson, 23. Coracles, 24. Twist, 25. Lustrous. Down: 1. Grand, 2. Smell, 3. Sabot, 4. Noddy, 5. Sender, 6. Slided, 9. Uneasy, 11. Sides, 12. Saved, 14. Steals, 16. Rinds, 19. Metro, 19. Rascal, 19. Litres, 22. Rests, 23. Asur, 24. Melts, 25. Cian.

GRAMOPHONE WEEK

TODAY SURVEYING THE OFF-THE-BEATEN TRACK

Slimming and the Record Boom get together

THE ingenious advances in the gramophone industry are all the time opening up new horizons of interest for the collector.

The popularity, for example, of modern language courses by gramophone has been a startling feature for the past few years. It is possible nowadays for the theatre enthusiast to sit back at home and hear the entire performance of "King Lear" with Sir John Gielgud in the title role.

The great moments of the war—when the words of Winston Churchill so dominated our lives—can stir our emotions once again on wax.

New technique

IN many other ways hitherto unthought of the range and value of the gramophone is expanding all the time. Today sees the issue of a new departure in gramophone technique.

It is called "REDUCE IN RECORD TIME," and its purpose is to harness together the enthusiasm for keeping slim and the great boom in record buying.

"Reduce in record time" offers those who want to keep slim a new way to make their wishes come true.

It consists of three long-playing records and a well-illustrated instruction manual. The records—they are recorded by Phyllis Calvert—contain exercises set to music. The manual illustrates the exercises and plans the reducing programme.

The course is effective—and fun. Special sections of the course are devoted to: Reducing the Abdomen, Reducing the Hips, Reducing the Thighs, Improving the Waist, Reducing the Bustline.



ABOVE: WHAT THE COVER LOOKS LIKE

Already the course has been exhaustively tried out by a test panel and the results have been found to be extraordinarily good.

Three records and the exercise manual are packaged in an attractive box. The course is available through most book-sellers, W. H. Smith, and Boots book branches, and from Kelvin Prowse. It costs £3 3s.

—are the speeches of Sir Winston Churchill. You can buy these magnificent orations complete on two H.M.V. discs (1435 and 1436), or in extract called "I Can Hear It Now" (Philips SPL100).

Informally, another Philips production worth hearing is "The Birth of a Performance."

This is a recording of a Mozart rehearsal under the baton of Bruno Walter. Then Christmas-wise Capitol have done Roger Wagner's "Joy to the World" (P8333). And since Christmas time is children's time also, try the little ones with Uncle Mac's Nursery Rhymes on H.M.V. (EGG264).

A GLIMPSE AT SOME OF THE OTHERS...

NOW, to put alongside your slimming course, here is a selection of the off-beat, the surprising and the delightful oddities you can get on record today.

First gimmick-on-the-gramophone is the crazy Concerto for Vacuum Cleaner. It is part of the Hoffmann Musical Festival (Columbia CX1400).

After that soothe yourself with the mellifluous voice of John Gielgud reciting Shakespeare's sonnets. (Brunswick, LA78018).

Again the spoken word—but a complete and rousing contrast

CRIME SHELF by Philip Cakes

A COLLAR FOR THE KILLER. By Herbert Brean. Heinemann, 13s. 6d. Really first-class thriller about a fledgling New York detective who conducts a conscientious probe into the guilt of an alleged murderer: he has helped to frame. Tough and credible, with good documentary flavour, and a nice, disenchanted strip-tease as a heroine.

4.50 FROM PADDINGTON. By Arathi Christie. Crime Club, 12s. 6d. Cozy whodunit which begins with a sensible shopper seeing murder done on a passing train. Developments when the

corpse is found in a sarcophagus by a superior home-help, Miss Marple investigates. Reasonable, readable and lightly whimsical. Fine of its type—if you like the type.

ILL WIND. By W. L. Heath. Hamish Hamilton, 12s. 6d. How did tax collector, Charley Mott get a bullet in his head? Was it an accident or attempted suicide? The intrigues of a small American town on the eve of an election, acidic and intimately explored. Nothing really to do with crime, but a straight novel with a tonic streak of tension.

VIGNETTES OF LIFE

Happy New Year... We Hope

BY HARRY WEINERT



DON'T LET THE FOLKS UPSTAIRS KEEP YOU AWAKE—IF YOU CAN'T STOP 'EM, JOIN 'EM—THEY WON'T KNOW YOU'RE STRANGERS.



WHEN A MAN HAS TO MAKE RESERVATIONS A MONTH IN ADVANCE, HE'S ENTITLED TO A LARGE EVENING.



THERE ARE GOING TO BE SOME VERY RED FACES WHEN SOME OF THE MORE DIGNIFIED ELEMENT LEARN HOW THEY USHERED IN THE NEW YEAR.



THE OTHER NEW BOOKS IN BRIEF

By JOHN THOMPSON

GOODBYE TO ALL THAT. By Robert Graves (Cassell, 21s.). This title joined the English language when Graves first published his angry autobiography 23 years ago. Now the enlarged edition has some new sections, including a revised chapter on T. E. Lawrence. Graves has also left out what he calls "some dull or foolish patches" from the original book, but in some proper names where settings by Percy Young, with unnecessary and rather some suppressed anecdotes. Looking back through hindsight spectacles much of Graves now seems a rather conventional rebel. But Graves decided to take no risks, saying Goodbye To All That (which equals goodbye to Britain) he now lives in Majorca: a place in the sun for the disgruntled.

DING DONG BELL. by Percy Young and Edward Ardizzone (Dennis Dobson, 21s.). Lightly satirical rhymes, fancies and not. Sections for animals, birds, and insects, flowers and trees, people, places, things nonsense, and evening. Drawings by Dixey in his best vein, and musical settings by Percy Young, with some useful notes for parents on how to play them. Also a learned little introduction by Young that should help to outwit the most persistent child.

THE KEYS OF ST PETER. by Roger Verneille (Seeker & Warburg, 18s.). Best-seller from France enters the British list—with high expectations, coming as it does from the author of the very funny "The Ambassador's Diary" and "Diplomatic Diversions." Verneille's activities in the Vatican where he has been for years, set for callow youth. Apart from the priestly-morose of the cardinal's household there is also Paolo, a girl with a taste for a man in a "black" suit. For this reason, Verneille's view, there are no secrets in the Vatican, other than of course.

SIX SOFTBALL GAMES THIS WEEK

Powerful Saints To Clash With US Navy At King's Park Tomorrow

By "TIME OUT"

After an absence of six long weeks softball's perennial champions, the Saints will be seen in action when the Jolting Joys keep an appointment at 3.30 p.m. tomorrow with the US Navy. A six-games programme is scheduled for the weekend.

It is always dangerous to make predictions on the outcome of any softball game, and this is particularly true where Dave Cooper's Austers are concerned. The servicemen from Shatin tackle Wah Ying today at 2.00 p.m. in the only Junior League game down for decision.

The first meeting of these teams ended in a blaze of glory for "Coop" as in a 5-inning affair, he personally accounted for the opposition with a brilliant no-hit effort, and narrowly missed a shut-out because of a muffed fly by an outfielder which allowed Wah Ying to score their only tally of the game.

There is no denying that Cooper is the mainstay of the team with his many years of playing experience in local competition. With him showing the way, the Austers, now mid-way in the League table, should repeat their first-round victory.

Given just a little batting support and provided the soldiers settle down to some real fielding Cooper may yet write his name in the record books with his second no-hitter or at the least a shut-out which has eluded the Austers since the season began.

Two games are on at 10 a.m. tomorrow. On the "A" field the Pokfulam boys meet the Cheyennes and at the other end of the ball park the "B" diamond is reserved for the Ladies' game between South China and Overseas. Frank Wong's University squad in their first year in the Junior division did not submit tamely to Robert Remedios Cheyennes in the previous meeting although losing by 11 runs to 2.

Irresistible Form

Unfortunately for the undergraduates that day, "Clgar" Sequela was in irresistible form on the mound and had the University lads all tied up with his tricky deliveries. Since then, the University have lost and learned and with pilot Bill Silva guiding them have shown great improvement in their all-round play although it must be admitted that "Man" Nunes at shortstop certainly needs to polish up his throw to first.

If the University do not get awed by the occasion a surprise might yet be in store for the Cheyennes. One thing though is certain—the underdog U will get much moral and vocal support from the Seminoles seated in the stands.

The ladies' game should be a one-sided affair. Be it to the credit of the Overseas or the Austers, they have absorbed heavy shelling in their last two outings they never give up trying. Champions South China will take over the League leadership with an easy victory since their nearest rivals, the Hurricanes, are idle this week-end. An upset is absolutely impossible as the Overseas barely know the rudiments of the game, with all due respect to coach C. C. Lee, while South China have recently been playing like the champions they are and once again promise to be this season.

Minor Division

At 11.30 a.m. the battle of the cellar-dwellers of the Senior League takes place. Musk Kwong's CAA tackle witless South China and minor division softball will be witnessed. Don't let the first-round eight-inning result, CAA 8-South China 6, fool you. Both sides are but shadows of the teams they boasted just a few short seasons back. Their "stars" have, with one or two loyal exceptions, joined the ranks of stronger teams. I wouldn't over-forecast the result of this game as both the Athletics and the Carabids can play softball of an extremely high standard one week and then in the following week give displays that draw comments from the greenest rookies watching from the stands.

There are only two games slated for the Sunday afternoon. At 2 p.m. in a Junior League

encounter, Sheridan Hamet's Comets come up against bottom-of-the-table South China. Like their elder brothers in the higher division, South China are witless in 8 games played to date. Undoubtedly the material for a good team is there but the Comets seem to lack that certain will to win.

They throw in the towel much too hastily if the towel gets rough when a bit of fighting spirit might get results. The Comets will take the field with a lot of confidence as they have already previously beaten South China by 16 runs to 4 in a curtailed game but Manager Hamet still recalls the humiliating defeat lately at the hands of the Austers and will certainly take no chances in this game.

A win for the Comets should be the right result as they have superior batting power. Both sides' defences are about of even strength so power at the plate should see the Comets notch up another win.

To round off the day the powerful Saint Joseph's side clash with the US Navy. The exigencies of the service, being what they are, the Saints should be seen in action and fans will utter a groan of disappointment because the "Gurke" is no longer here. Despite all attempts to dislodge the Saints from the top of the championship ladder they are still there and look like staying put for a long time. They blasted the "Orca" by 20 runs to 2 earlier and it would be sheer madness for any fan to suppose that the long lay-off has affected the Saints to the extent that they can drop this game.

£23,000 Is Cheap For A Genius—When He's A Good Goalkeeper

By ALAN HOBY

When Doncaster Rovers sold their Irish international goalkeeper, Harry Gregg, to Manchester United for £23,000—a world record fee—they spotlighted one of Soccer's major mysteries.

For years goalkeepers have been the most under valued characters in football.

It is only recently that clubs have begun to pay Bank of England prices for that leaping, lunging figure between the posts—the man who each Saturday risks injury and broken bones diving at the boots of opposing forwards.

Seen through the list of top transfers during the past half-century and you will find that, out of nearly 50 big-figure stars who, between them cost more than £832,000 only three have been goalkeepers.

These are Gregg himself; Reg Allen, transferred from Queen's Park Rangers to Manchester United for £11,000 in 1950; and Reg Matthews of Chelsea. Last year Ted Drake paid Coventry £20,000 for Matthews.

The rest were all centre forwards, half-backs, inside men, and full-backs.

Why?

I know there are some shocking goalkeepers about, but why does it still cause amazement when a five-figure cheque is dangled for a top-flight goalkeeper like the darling, 23-year-old Gregg?

I say he is cheap at £23,000.

Skill....Nerve

Consider what a front-rank goalkeeper has to do—and be.

● He has to be half cat and half circus trapeze artist.

● He has to combine showmanship with skill, cold nerve with split-second judgment.

● He has to have wrists like whiplash and strong, safe hands.

Also, in the words of one of them, he must be "a little mad, like an ice hockey player or bull-fighter."



HARRY GREGG—his move spotlights a Soccer mystery.

Finally, he must have plenty of what the Americans call intestinal fortitude.

In my opinion, a good goalkeeper is beyond price. How, for instance, would you assess ex-goalkeeping giants like Frank Swift, Bert Williams, and Sam Bartram?

I shall never forget the electrifying sight of Frank Swift, built like a heavyweight boxer and 6ft. 4in. tall, holding up the entire Italian forward line on an over-hot May evening in Turin, 1948.

Time and again he swooped and dived like an eagle as the ball flashed towards him—and in the end, struggling England won through to a remarkable 4-0 win.

I have memories, too, of Bert Williams, blond and like, repulsing almost single-handed, another dazzling Italian eleven at Tottenham two years later.

Some of Bert's saves, that afternoon were not only incredible; they enabled England to run out fortunate winners with two late goals.

And what about long-service Sam Bartram who didn't cost a penny yet served them unswervingly for 23 wonderful years?

Today we have great goalkeepers in Ted Ditchburn (Spurs), Nigel Sims (Aston Villa), Tommy Younger (Liverpool), Reg Matthews (Chelsea),

and Bert Trautmann (Manchester City).

It was only last year that Trautmann broke his neck in a collision with Aston Villa's Peter McParland. Fatal injuries are rare—but they still talk in Scotland of Celtic's international goalkeeper John Thompson. He died a few hours after fracturing his skull in a Celtic-Rangers game in 1931.

Goalkeeping is a tough trade. I once saw George Swindin, then wearing Arsenal's jersey, knock himself cold as he crashed against a post in a neck-or-nothing save.

Loneliest Man

And look at the injuries Reg Matthews has suffered since he joined Chelsea.

The goalkeeper is the loneliest man on the field. If other members of a team miss a goal, or blunder, the odds are that they will get a second chance. Not so the goalkeeper. One bad "blunder" and he's out.

And that's why I say that a goalkeeper is worth just as much in personality, ability, and entertainment value as a John Charles or a Duncan Edwards.

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LET US OPEN UP THE FIGHT NURSERIES AGAIN, AND QUICKLY

Says DESMOND HACKETT

British boxing being what and where it is, one would think that anything to boost the sagging trade would be welcomed with open arms and encouraging smiles. But not a bit of it.

In fact, when Danny Mahoney wanted to start a fight nursery in Beckenham, Kent, the British Boxing Board of Control were not interested. They waved it away with the vague excuse: "Sorry, old boy, not enough fighters to go round."

Well, I ask you! Where in the name of Jem Mace are you going to find your fighters of the future unless you open up the small halls, baths, and skating rinks which were once the cradles of champions?

Long before I was scared of the income tax man, I attended the small fighting spots around Britain. I saw chaps like Johnny King, Jackie Brown, Jock McAvoy fighting for their train-fare and a fish-and-chip supper.

It was a hard, exacting school. At times it was villainously cruel. You had to be tough, brave, and skilled to be a champion in that school.

None of your short cuts to an easy title, producing the shoddy champions we endure today.

Just Name Two

Just look at them. Name me a couple who would be a menace outside their own particular backyards and I'll give you a ticket to Jack Solomon's next fight festival.

I'm not blaming the fighters. I am blaming the lack of small hall tournaments to prepare your boxers for the test of the big shows.

So, when someone tries to open another small hall like the 1,000-seater at Beckenham Baths they get the snub, the empty excuse that there are not sufficient fighters.

Of course there are not. There is no place for the ambitious young scrapper to take his test, no opportunity to find out if a kid is good enough to aim at the title targets.

When Mahoney asked the Board for permission to promote boxing, he made it quite clear that all he wanted was a chance to put on the unknown youngsters, to open a fighting nursery.

And Danny Mahoney is not one of your fly-by-nights who want to cash in on the tax-free fight industry. Mahoney was

Bare Knuckle Boy

And Mahoney's grandfather was a bareknuckle fighter, and it is said, was prepared to fight one and all just for the joyous hell of it.

How could we use that spirit right now in this pampered era, when the success of a boxer is measured by the size of his ear, when a fighter is applauded for his command of a French menu?

Let us open up the fight nurseries again, AND QUICKLY.

Let us breed a new race of boxers who will have to endure a tough schooling instead of the present easy trips to a title.

When a kid is prepared to fight for a few pounds, when he finds a manager who does not see him as a ticket to the South of France, when there are small halls to sort out the eager youngsters, then we may at last find a British fighter we can put up against an American.

Continued without writing the alibi in advance.

(London Express Service). (COPYRIGHT)

The Strange Story Of The First Olympic Marathon

By DEREK DOUGAN

The recent death of Prince George of Greece, at the age of 88, recalls the strange story of the first Olympic Marathon back in 1896.

The race, then over a distance of 24 miles 1,500 yards, was won by an unknown Greek peasant called Spiridon Louys. And as the event was held at Athens, the Stadium crowd of over 8,000 went wild with delight.

They surged across the arena, and if Prince George and his brother, Crown Prince Constantine, who both stood well over 6ft., had not run by the side of the "little peasant" to the royal box, the athlete might have been crushed by the excited mob.

Women threw their jewellery to the first Marathon winner, and Prince George was so delighted he picked up the champion up bodily and carried him around the stadium.

Sixteen-year-old Christine Truman, Britain's brightest tennis prospect, is now the odd girl out. She is not joining other players selected by the Lawn Tennis Association for special winter training in London.

Coaching Course

Her mother has written to the Association declining the coaching course which has been accepted by all the others, including the Wightman Cup team.

It seems that Christine prefers to play privately against men opponents and to continue a "speed up" course with British Olympic athletic coach, Geoff Dyson.

Mrs Truman thinks that this training and Christine's job behind a wool shop counter is quite enough for her daughter.

There are ruffled feelings about this, just as there were last April when Mrs Truman attacked the All-England Club's Australian professional coach, George Worthington, for his alleged neglect of Christine's training in favour of 15-year-old Sheila Armstrong.

One of the objects of this winter training course is to develop British girls as a team. Of course, Mrs Truman has every right to stick to an independent line. We will see if she is doing the best thing when she appears in tournaments next summer.

Meanwhile, Geoff Dyson reports "outstanding progress" by Mrs Truman.

(London Express Service). (COPYRIGHT)

DEREK DOUGAN IS BOOKED TO BE FAMOUS, SAYS STANLEY MATTHEWS

Once in a while a young star sparkles so brilliantly in League Soccer that there can be little doubt about his future fame.

Such a one is Derek Dougan, the 19-year-old Portsmouth boy from Belfast.

Derek could become the centre-forward sensation of his age.

Certainly he is the greatest forward prospect I have seen this season. He is a tricky and clever player. He has something to learn—haven't we all?—and must adapt himself to English football conditions. But that's only a matter of time.

He impresses me with his style—the old-fashioned centre-forward game that seems almost to have disappeared.

So Keen

He believes in holding on to the ball and is a tricky and clever dribbler. He has the height—he has the weight. Mark my words, here is a future international, a force in English football and a terror for goalkeepers.

Dougan is so keen to make the grade that he has forgotten his plans to become an engineer and will concentrate on football. He feels that full-time training will give an edge to his game.

That's a sound idea, Derek, but don't forget your after-football future in the rush to make yourself a Soccer star.

Looking back over the first half of the season, two young full-backs came to my mind as the outstanding defence prospects in the game.

Salford-born Alan Sanders, a half-back, now playing right back for Everton, played an outstanding game against Blackpool.

His positional sense, keen tackling and well-judged forward passes mark him as a coming full-back.

Then there is left-back George Harris a young man who is prominent in championship-chasing Wolves. Here is a full-back who is very difficult to beat—as I know to my cost.

Outstanding half-backs? That's a problem, but I'm told that young Mick McGrath is one of Johnny Carey's brightest stars at Blackburn. Small but



DEREK DOUGAN

good is the verdict on this little Irishman.

These are young players who have yet to be recognized, but they are some of the types now flooding into English football.

We are rich in teenage talent—but where are the outsiders of England?

Opportunity

It has puzzled me recently. I cannot remember a real up-and-coming left wing star. Clubs don't seem able to find them, either.

What a wonderful opportunity there is for a clever young outside left with the will to learn.

Tom Finney does a grand job on the left wing for England but it's no secret that he doesn't like that position.

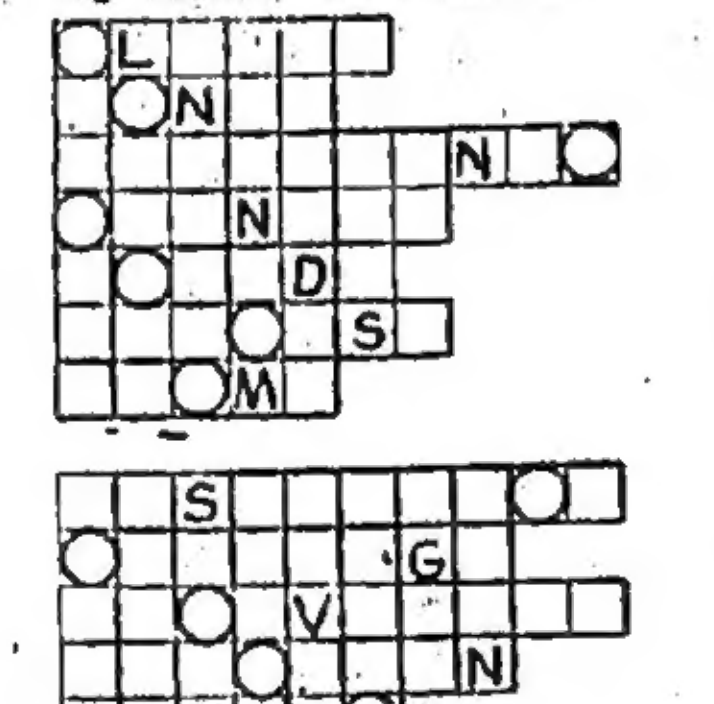
A boy with real talent can stake his claim in 1958. So my tip is "Go left, young man!"

(London Express Service). (COPYRIGHT)



NAMESAKES

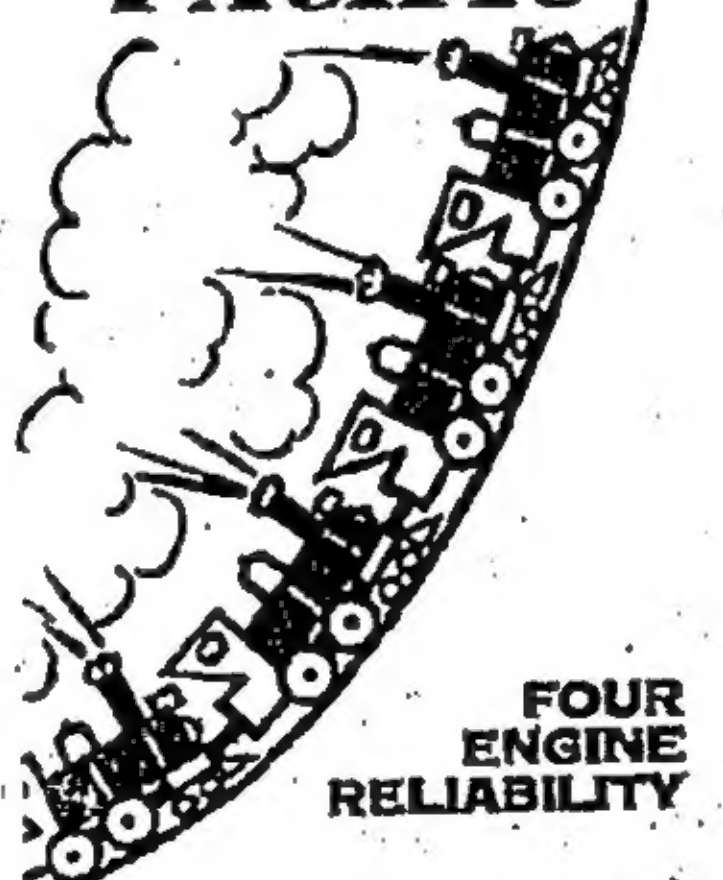
INSTRUCTIONS: Fill in the names against each of the clues below with a word related to my life. The letters in circles spell out my name. Who am I?



- 1 Fair
- 2 A doctor's
- 3 Interrogator
- 4 Slightly dog
- 5 New world country.
- 6 Female player
- 7 Play
- 8 Jokes
- 9 May be jewellery
- 10 Such a set
- 11 They have an hour
- 12 Light play

Solution on Back Page

BE SPECIFIC fly CATHAY PACIFIC



FOUR ENGINE RELIABILITY

THE GAMBOLS by Barry Appleby

YESTERDAY DON'T BUY ANY MEAT FOR SUNDAY! GAVE

TODAY WELL GO FISHING AND EAT LOVELY FRESH FISH FOR OUR DINNER

LUCY I HAD THIS TIN OF SARDINES

IT'S A WONDERFUL BARGAIN, GEORGE

IT'S STILL A LOT OF MONEY

WE'D SAVE POUNDS AND POUNDS

BUT CAN WE AFFORD TO HAVE ALL THAT MUCH MONEY

Gas in your house

says Mr. Thorne

Time on your hands...

RADO TIME MADE

★ ★ ★

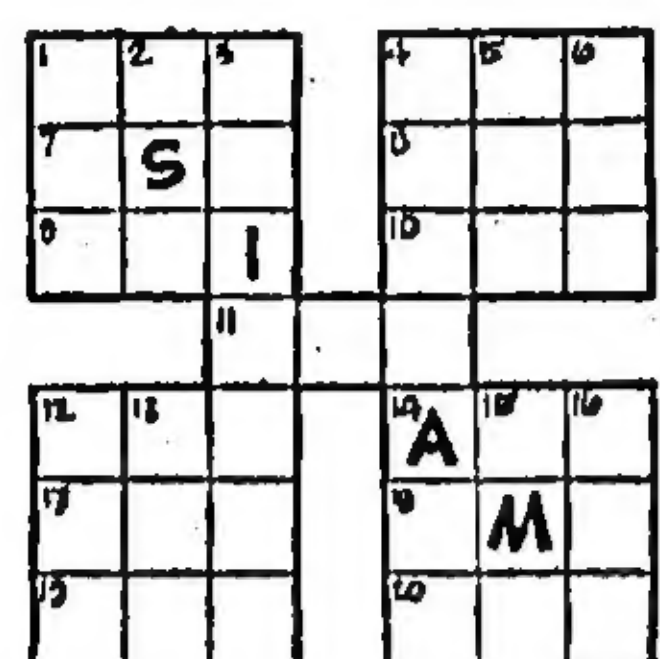
FEATURES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

★ ★ ★

YOUR PUZZLE CORNER

THAILAND CROSSWORD

Cartoonist Cal has lettered in Thailand's old name to give you some clues to Puzzleman's crossword puzzle.



ACROSS

- 1 Wild donkey
- 4 Knock
- 7 Devotes
- 8 Girl's name
- 9 Hawaiian wreath
- 10 Males
- 11 Young dog
- 12 Mineral rock
- 13 Constellation
- 14 Was victorious
- 15 Revolution per minute
- 16 Boy's nickname
- 20 African fly (var.)

DOWN

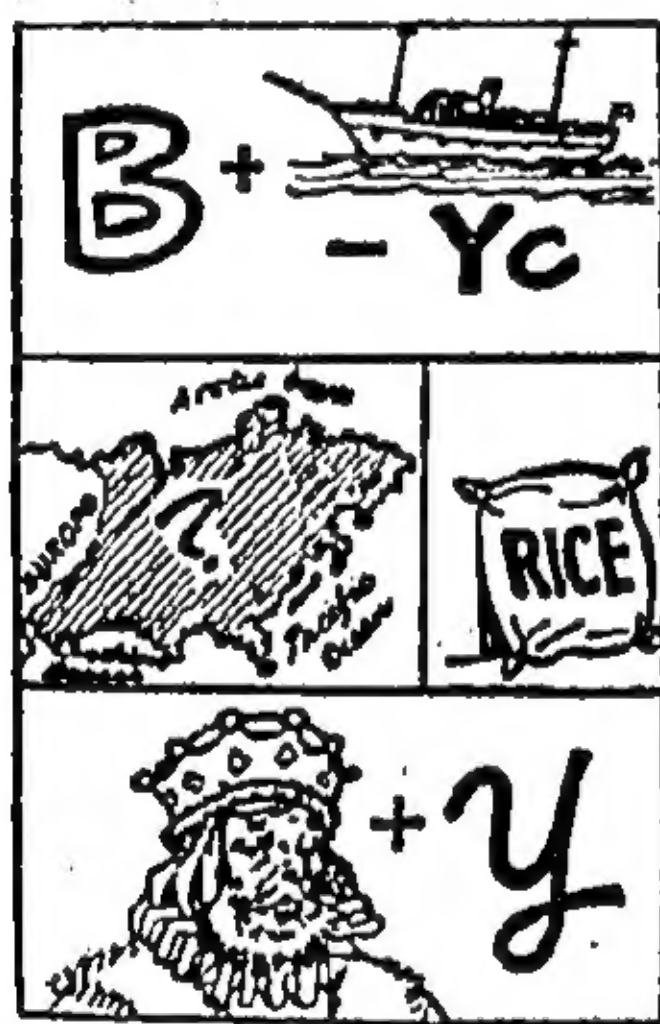
- 1 Be sick
- 2 Compass point
- 3 Compensation
- 4 Bulwark
- 5 Fruit drink
- 6 Cooking utensil
- 7 Possess
- 8 Fish eggs
- 9 Remains (ab.)
- 10 Mimic

SCRAMBLED SENTENCE

Puzzleman's sentence about Thailand is a little mixed up, but he thinks you can straighten it out. Sort through 80 of the letters the Phraya, of which per Thailand's about inland sea Menam The Bangkok passes cent imports, 25 from on Chao.

THAILAND REBUS

In his rebus, Puzzleman has hidden "a Siamese coin," "where Thailand is," "one of its products," and "what it is." Can you find these four facts from the words and pictures?



THAILAND DIAMOND

BANGKOK, an important city of Thailand, provides a centre for Puzzleman's word diamond. The second word is "a vehicle"; third "a water passage"; fifth "garden tools"; and sixth Spanish for "the." Can you complete the diamond?

B
A
N
K
O
K

BACKWARD LOOK

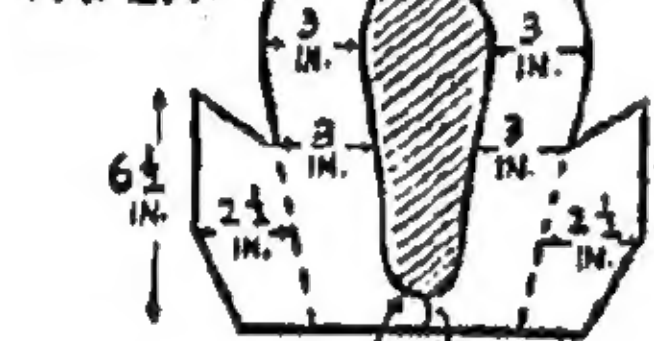
If you have trouble figuring out these three facts about Thailand, try reading them backward.

DOOWAET
KOKNAB
STUNAOCCO

(Solutions on Page 19)

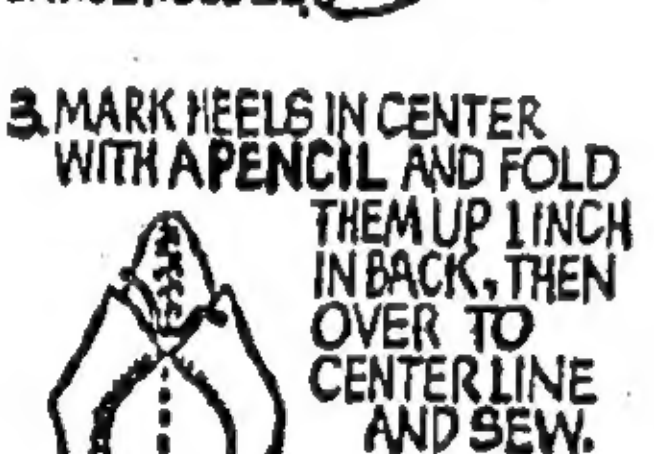
HOW MAKE SLIPPERS-A TO GIFT FOR DAD

1. MAKE THE SLIPPER PATTERN LIKE THIS FROM PAPER.



TRACE AROUND DAD'S FOOT

2. CUT 2 PATTERN SHAPES FROM OLD SOFT LEATHER OR AN OLD BLANKET. FOLD INTO THIS SHAPE AND LACE UP TOE WITH HEAVY CORD AND A LARGE NEEDLE.



3. MARK HEELS IN CENTER WITH A PENCIL AND FOLD THEM UP 1 INCH IN BACK, THEN OVER TO CENTER LINE AND SEW.



AN OUTSTANDING TEEN-AGER—

His Boats Carry Him To Early Fame

TURED of taunts about teenage delinquency? Well, here's a dandy item to clip and save. Next time you have to defend the honour of teen-agers, you'll have ammunition in this boy's story.

His name is Lon Willis and he lives in Tacoma, Wash.

He keeps out of trouble by keeping busy—real busy.

When he was in school, he headed for his garage every day after school and went to work. Except for some 20 minutes off for supper, he didn't quit until about 10:30 in the evening. Then he did his school work.

What was he doing in the garage?

★ ★ ★

Turning out boats. They are 14- to 18-foot outboard convertibles and runabouts, the likes of which residents of the water-sport-conscious Puget Sound area have never seen before.

Selling them for prices ranging from \$600 to \$1,000, he was putting them out on an average of three a month.

And that wasn't anywhere near enough. Eager buyers were coming from as much as 300 miles away.

Lon had designed and built himself a real boat. Ever since he put together his first one—a 14-foot runabout he sold for \$375, when he was still in junior high—the idea of a dream boat had been germinating in his mind. It took him three years and he went through four boats—but he finally got it.

With \$700 he had saved up by working at odd jobs, he bought himself the necessary tools and went to work. The family two-car garage he converted into his site of operations. A combination 11-gal. paint shop was added to it.

During his senior year in high school he turned out some 20 boats after school and on weekends. His dad had to pitch in and help and he hired a fellow classmate paid him union wages. Orders still kept piling up.

Plans for the immediate future call for full scale mass production of the boat in a plant employing eight full-time workers. Contacts in California have been made and the operation eventually will be extended to that state.

★ ★ ★

WHAT'S SO special about Willis' boat?

It has a radically new design that buyers find irresistible. It has twin fins and a roll deck.

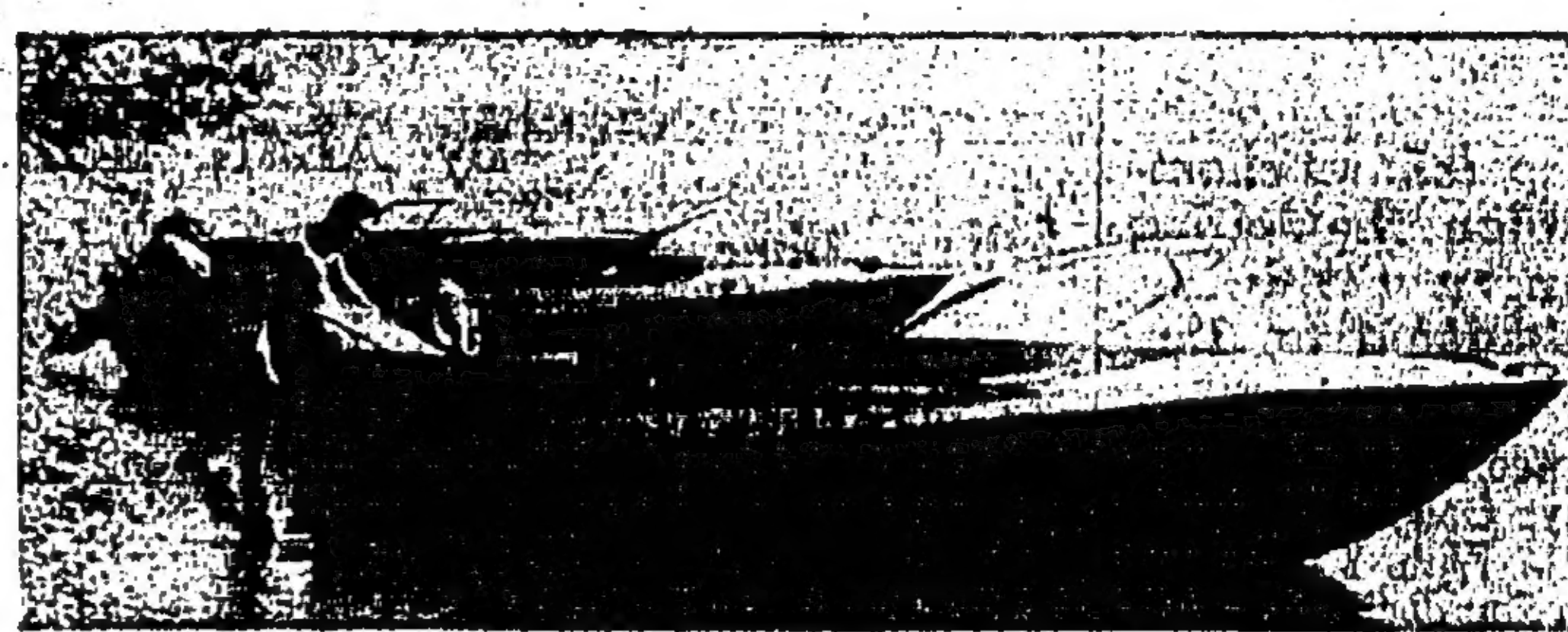
It has a long, sloping bow that reminds you of a hydroplane. Lon, in fact, has copied several of that racing craft's features. There, he points out, contribute to a second big selling factor.

Outboard owners are all familiar with the body-jarring porpoising that is so common with the small pleasure craft. Lon wanted no part of that in his boat. It was one of the main bugs he was determined to iron out in his three years of experimenting.

He has succeeded in eliminating porpoising almost completely. Satisfied buyers can't say enough about its welcome absence. Boating experts scratch their heads over it.

At a boat show in Tacoma at which Lon's boat was on exhibit, one of them wagged his head and snickered at the post-ter advertisement stating that the boat would be the smoothest-riding boat ever.

"It would be the roughest-riding boat here," he said.



Lon Willis, of Tacoma, Wash., and three of his boats.

"She'd ride like a barge. But I could be wrong."

He was.

A second expert who agreed with him took a ride in the boat and changed his mind fast.

"The bottom is so flat for so long that it can't porpoise," he says.

Lon explains it this way: The flat, long, sloping bow piles water ahead of it, providing a cushioning effect so that instead of slapping the waves, the boat rolls into them. Angled nontrip chines lift the boat out of the water until it is almost airborne, helping avoid the customary slapping.

★ ★ ★

Lon has a family precedent in his boating endeavour. Two of his uncles, Earl and Floyd Willis of Tacoma, are the builders of the renowned Willis Built canoes, greatly in demand throughout the nation for the past 40 years. Like Lon, they started when they were in high school.

But Lon promises to equal if not better his uncles' reputation. He has astounded his teachers ever since his first wood shop class. Industrial art teachers in Tacoma agree that they've never seen his equal.



A converted two-car garage is all the "factory" this talented teen-ager needs to turn out his successful product.

Now that he's completed high school, Lon plans to devote full time to his boat works. He'll stay with it until it's self-sustaining—which it practically is right now—and then he'll go to college. He plans to take up engineering.

Did someone say teen-agers are irresponsible?

CRAZY WORLD—

So You've Got Money Trouble?

MONEY—"what the other man takes for the things you want"—has rattled in strange shapes in curious transactions.

Cowrie shells, dog, pig and sperm-whale teeth have served as money. Fishhooks, hounds, snail shells and stone coins 12 feet in diameter have passed as francs and dollars do today.

Of all odd currencies, the cowrie, white and straw-coloured, inch-long product of the Indian Ocean, has perhaps served more people than any other non-metallic tender, the National Geographic Society says.

★ ★ ★

In Uganda a thousand cowries bought a 62-pound ivory tusk; 2,300 bought a cow; a bride sold for two cowries. Sometimes a surplus of cowries brought inflation. Then tribal leaders hoarded quantities of the shells in an effort to control their value.

Dog teeth found favour among distantly separated Solomon Islanders of the Pacific and Shoshone and Hancock Indians of North America.

In 1890 the Indians valued a tooth at 25 cents. The islanders, trading among themselves, paid for canoes with teeth.

When selling to outsiders, however, the islanders scrutinized



A native of Yap counts—and leans on—his money.

ed the teeth, for traders a half-century ago abook the economy with imports of porcelain counterfeits.

Yap, the Pacific island, and Paraguay, the South American country, once stood at extremes in weight of currencies. The famed stone money of Yap weighed hundreds of pounds.

With circulation nearly impossible, the enormous stones stood before the rich man's dwelling, bespeaking his resources.

In Paraguay, natives cut small shells to shirt-button size as money. A hundred buttons bought a sheep, while in Nicaragua the same number of

cocoa beans bought a slave. Coloured Amazon River stones resembling fish served the Curibs in Guiana as a medium of exchange.

The sperm whale's elusive, like gold, raised its teeth to enormous value in the Fiji Islands. Generally owned by chiefs and hand-polished, a tooth bought a bride or a cult's way out of trouble.

Other things hard to obtain have also passed for money in lands far apart—milk for instance, were as good as cash at one time in Scotland and in pre-revolutionary New England. Salt bars are still sound exchange mediums in some countries where the life-giving element is scarce.

★ ★ ★

Eye-catching baubles similar to the cowrie won wide spread popularity. Just as North American Indians gave valued lands and skins for beads, the Araucanian Indians of Chile accepted green jadeite beads.

Apart from more ordinary patterns of currency, Antwerp gin became money in Tierra del Fuego a century ago.

In the Pacific, Loyalty Island purchases were made with red fur found under the ears of the flying fox. In the Gilbert Islands buyers once used fishhooks made of shells. Eggs became a limited currency on Nauru Island.

The main currencies of Alor, tiny East Indian island, are metal kettle drums and brass gongs. Arrows are considered small change.

Circus Story—

DANNY BRINGS IN THE ELEPHANTS

DANNY didn't have much of a job with the circus. He didn't even have a chance to feed the animals. All he did was help bring in the food so that one of the keepers could pass it on to the elephants or "cats."

"But some day I'll be a head trainer, just like my Dad was," he used to tell himself. "I'm learning every day."

One morning as they were unloading the circus in the grey dawn, Mike said, "I've got a sick zebra to look after. You take the elephants to the lot just let Queenie lead them in. You won't have any trouble."



★ ★ ★

"Thanks, Mike," cried Danny. "I'll get them in all right."

Queenie was already coming down the platform, slowly swinging her long trunk. Bless was just behind. Danny counted. Twelve humming elephants. That was right. He ran ahead to where Queenie was going down the road, guided by the lighted flares.

The elephants waded along steadily, just as if they had been going over this same road every day this year.

"It's my first big job," Danny kept telling himself. "Maybe I can bring them in every day from now on."

The mile to the circus grounds seemed only a few steps. Queenie started in through the gate and then stopped.

Danny patted her leg up as high as he could reach. "Go on, honey," he begged. "Go on in. You don't want to 'bust' me on the job before I even get started, do you?"

He begged and coaxed but Queenie wouldn't take another step. Instead she turned and started around the lot. The

rest of the herd followed, and so did Danny. There was nothing else he could do.

"I can't understand you," he cried. "You've never refused to go in before! What's come over you?"

They came to a gate on the opposite side and, to Danny's great relief, Queenie went in.

★ ★ ★

When they reached the menagerie tent Mike said, "Gosh, I'm glad you got in all right. There was an old cesspool down by that other gate and the cage with the hippo fell through. How did you come to go around?"

"It was Queenie's idea," said Danny. "I just followed along."

"Good old Queenie," said Mike. "Somehow or other she knew that ground wasn't safe. She's sure all right."

Then he grinned at Danny and added, "You're all right, too, fellow."

—By Mabel Harmer

Tomorrow's Breakfast

—Magically, Mr. Merlin Serves It Today!—

By MAX TRELL

"COME in! Come in!" said Mr. Merlin, the Magician, as he opened the door to Knarf, the Snow-Boy, and Teddy, the Stuffed Bear. They had come to pay him a visit in Mr. Merlin's beautiful home called Magic Mansion.

Strange House

It was a strange house even for a magician.

The front door of Magic Mansion was behind the bookcase. The back door was underneath the rug, just to one side of the fireplace. There were rabbits in the garden, and a scarecrow in the flower bed who could say "Good morning" and tip his hat when he saw anyone pass.

"I suppose," Mr. Merlin said, as he led Knarf and Teddy into the sunny room that looked out into the garden, "that you'd like some breakfast."

"Well," said Knarf, "I'm not really very hungry."

"Neither am I," said Teddy. Mr. Merlin smiled.

"Very well," he said, "if you're not hungry for this morning's breakfast, I'll be very glad to serve you Tomorrow Morning's breakfast."

Knarf and Teddy quickly agreed that they would be good and hungry for Tomorrow's Breakfast.

"Fine," said Mr. Merlin. "Now what would you like for breakfast, Knarf?"

"I'd like a scrambled egg, a slice of toast and a cup of cocoa, please," said Knarf.

"And what would you like, Teddy?" asked Mr. Merlin.

"I'd like hot cakes and maple syrup and a glass of milk," Mr. Merlin said. "And also some biscuits."

"Very good," said Mr. Merlin. "Sit down at the table."

Knarf and Teddy looked around the room.

"If you don't mind, Mr. Merlin," Knarf said in an embarrassed voice, "we don't see any table to sit down to."

"Oh, dear!" said Mr. Merlin. "I forgot to ask the table to be here for breakfast. Just one moment, please."

Clapped His Hands

With that, Mr. Merlin, the Magician, clapped his hands together and in a loud voice called out "Table!" Instantly there was a rat-a-tat-tat on the door.



Merlin asked Knarf and Teddy to come in.

Mr. Merlin pulled it open and in rushed a table. It pranced around the room on its four wooden legs and finally came to rest near the sunny window. It was all set with a snowy tablecloth and knives and forks and spoons and pepper and salt and napkins and a big jar of pure maple syrup.

Knarf and Teddy smiled and drew up two chairs and tucked the napkins under their chins and waited for someone to come in with the breakfast.

Extraordinary Things

Then the most extraordinary thing began happening.

Mr. Merlin clapped his hands together and

A chicken ran in with an egg, and

A frying pan flew in and broke the egg and scrambled and fried it, and

A slice of bread toasted itself over the fire in the fireplace and dropped on Knarf's plate and

A cup of hot cocoa floated down the chimney and settled itself without spilling a drop on Knarf's side of the table and

A skillet came in and flipped and flipped six beautiful golden-brown hotcakes and

Glass Of Milk

A cow romped in with a glass of bubbling milk. Then the salt shaker sprinkled itself over Knarf's egg and

The jar of maple syrup poured itself over Teddy's stack of hotcakes.

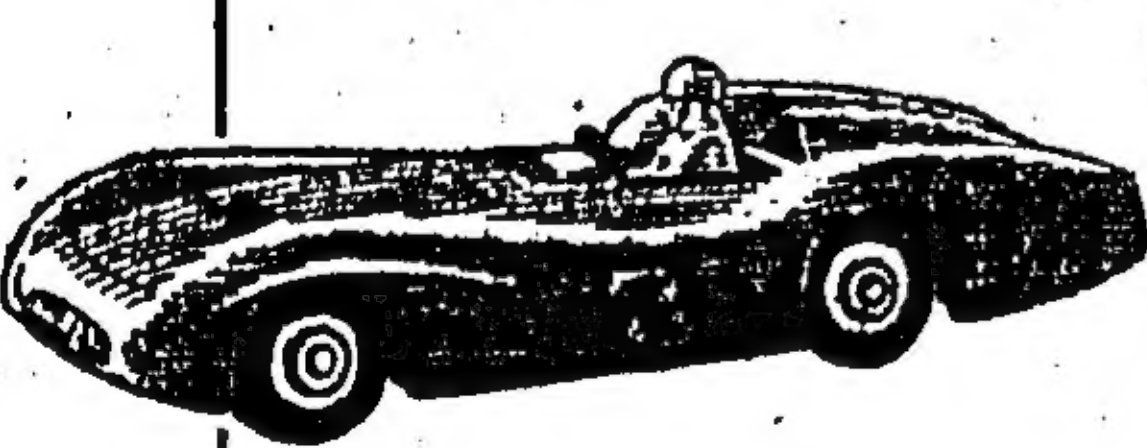
"That was the best breakfast I ever had," Teddy said later to Knarf, as he patted his tongue.

"I wish I were a Magician like Mr. Merlin," said Knarf. "I'd set Tomorrow's Breakfast every day in the week."

New this month!

DINKY TOYS No. 27

MERCEDES BENZ
RACING CAR



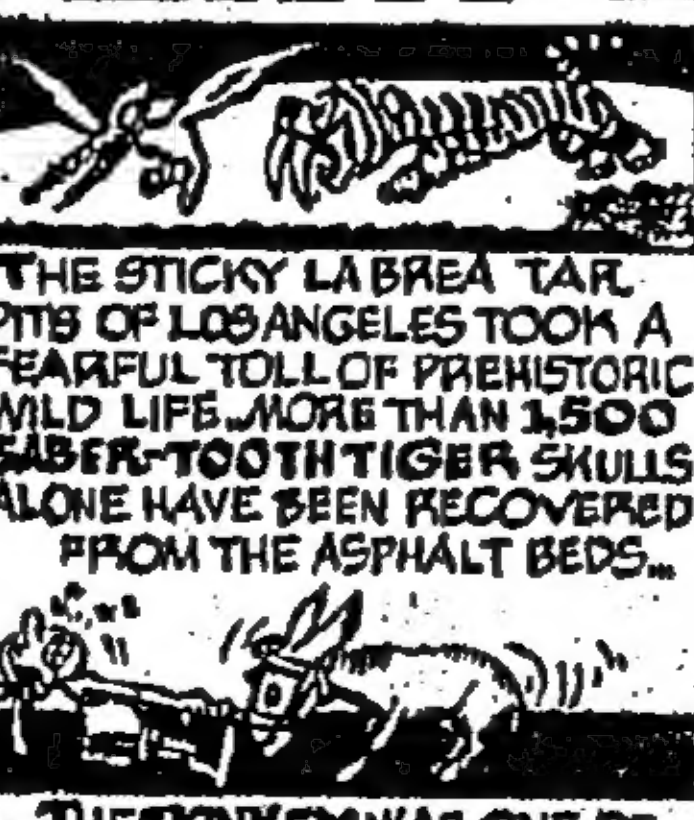
With this dream of a streamlined racing car so durable is too long, no corner too tight. Drive it fast... faster... and soon the chequered flag is waved as you zoom passed the stand. You've driven another winner! And you've got another winner when you own this superb new Dinky Toy. Length 3 1/2 in. (98 mm)

Keep on collecting

DINKY TOYS

MADE IN ENGLAND BY MECCANO LTD., BRINSFORD, LIVERPOOL 11

LOOKS WHO



THE STICKY LABREA TAIL PITTS OF LOS ANGELES TOOK A FEARFUL TOLL OF PREHISTORIC WILD LIFE. MORE THAN 1,500 SLEEK-TOOTH TIGER SKULLS ALONE HAVE BEEN RECOVERED FROM THE ASPHALT BEDS.

THE DONKEY WAS ONE OF THE FIRST ANIMALS TO BE TRAINED BY MAN.

THE BARKING APE IS ONE OF THE CLEVEREST THIEVES OF THE ANIMAL KINGDOM. WHILE ONE OR TWO OF THEM SOUND GUARD, READY TO SOUND THE ALARM IF THE FARMER APPEARS, FOLLOWERS PAID VEGETABLE GARDENS.

Rupert and the Thinking Cap-16



For some minutes the two friends stared at each other in silence. Then the little quince wandered away and said down. "This is just terrible," thinks Rupert. "The problem must be pretty bad if even Sam, who doesn't know what he wants! At that moment he is halted by a cherry tree."

voices as Amy and Podge come to greet him. "Hi, what's going on?" demands Amy. "Why is Gregory looking so grumpy? Don't tell us that he is still feeling miserable." Yes, worse than ever," says Rupert. "And really, I think it's with good reason. Poor little chap!"

YOUR BIRTHDAY... By STELLA

SATURDAY, JANUARY 4

BORN today, you operate best on the cultural and intellectual plane. All things having to do with the development of mental capacities intrigue you. Fond of travel, you probably will see a large portion of the earth during your lifetime. You are not so much interested in travelling as a tourist but would prefer to study the social conditions of the people and lands that you visit. You have a receptive and even an acquisitive mind. Everything new that you learn is grist for your intellectual mill.

Although you appear practical in advancing your interests, you are not as analytical as many of your other characteristics might seem to indicate. You operate on intuition and can make instant decisions on complicated matters without actually knowing the reason. Later on, you may be able to substantiate your position by chapter and verse. But that comes after you already have made up your mind.

You have the ability to make plenty of money, but you also have a real talent for spending it, so that you have to continue making more to feel secure. Somehow, that vanishes, too, and you have to start all over again. About the only way for you to hang on to your money is to have a business manager—a marriage partner would perform the duties excellently!

Your versatility and multiplicity of talents may prove a handicap, since you may try to do too many things at one time. Learn to concentrate on a single objective, attain that and then go on to the next one. It is better to have a little about one thing than a little about many different subjects.

Among those born on this date were: Carter Glass, Senator; Commander Thomas J. Page of the Confederate Navy; Woods Hutchinson, physician and author, and Edward F. Dutton, publisher.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 5

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)

—Full moon brings increased opportunities for advancement, both socially and in your career. Formulate future plans.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)

—A fine day for Sunday activities and for family gatherings. There's romance for you, too, if you want it.

PISCES (Feb. 20-Mar. 20)

—Some community or church affair may call for your cooperation. Give of your services as well as of funds if possible.

ARIES (Mar. 21-Apr. 20)

—Church attendance this morning should bring you fresh inspiration. A good sermon can be a real challenge.

TAURUS (Apr. 21-May 21)

—A happy, romantic day for you and the one you love. Handle family matters in a friendly manner, too.

GEMINI (May 22-June 21)

—Take the initiative in solving some family problem. Call a conciliator to discuss things quietly and sensibly.

CANCER (June 22-July 23)

—Let this be a Sunday when your personal interests are served. Problems puzzling you for some time can be settled now.

LEO (July 24-Aug. 23)

—You may get real pleasure from attending some community affair in which some member of your family is taking part.

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)

—Make decisions of importance to your family group. If you are politic, you can please everyone concerned.

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)

—This can be a day of quiet, social pleasures. Invite people to your home for Sunday dinner after church.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 22)

—You may want to visit members of the family who live out of town. This is a good day for it, too.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 22)

—A two-week period in which the business affairs of your domestic group may need re-evaluation.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)

—Accept your guidance without half-realizing they are being led. You have a quiet, forceful manner which appears to be quite unobtrusive. Yet when everything is all over, it just so happens that you are in charge and your ideas are the ones being put into operation. You have met opposition and criticism fairly and squarely—and won.

You women operate on the intuitional basis; you men, on a practical, analytical plane. You men can be obstinate, even pig-headed over a point of view and will rarely, if ever, give in, even a smidgeon. You women, however, are more lenient and are perfectly willing to give in an inch to eventually get a yard. On the other hand, you men are apt to be rather blunt and cold. You women make friends with great ease; you men take a long time to mull over a new acquaintance before admitting that person to the full status of friendship.

This makes men and women born on this day appear to be so different as to come under different signs. Actually, it is the outward expression of basically similar characteristics. One sex gives in more readily to the spontaneous characteristics of the sign; the other resists them more. In so doing, becomes a different individual to all outward appearances.

But both are happiest in their own home environment and an early marriage would bring happiness and contentment. For the feminine sex are kindly and have an ingratiating personality. On the other hand, you men are apt to be rather blunt and cold. You women make friends with great ease; you men take a long time to mull over a new acquaintance before admitting that person to the full status of friendship.

Among those born on this date were: Zebulon M. Pike, explorer; Christopher La Farge, architect; Humbert Wolfe, poet, critic and satirist; John Calvin Moss, inventor and photo-engraver; William Preston Johnston, educator; Francisco Suarez, Spanish theologian, and George Innes, a artist.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

MONDAY, JANUARY 6

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)

—Start the new work-week with bright alertness. Be ready to move fast when the time comes for positive action.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)

—Your health continues to be a matter for consideration. You do your best work only when feeling fit.

PISCES (Feb. 20-Mar. 20)

—Now, if you have previously planned carefully, you can forge ahead with a new project. Sign an agreement distinctly in your favour.

ARIES (Mar. 21-Apr. 20)

—A trip may settle a matter long under consideration and only now revived for instant action. Be ready to act.

TAURUS (Apr. 21-May 21)

—Now is the day for a new beginning. Forge ahead to new heights of accomplishment. Get an early start this morning.

GEMINI (May 22-June 21)

—Be alert to events which mark the start of a new project in which you are vitally interested. Take the lead now.

CANCER (June 22-July 23)

—If you needed public support for a new idea, then today you should be able to get it. Press forward.

LEO (July 24-Aug. 23)

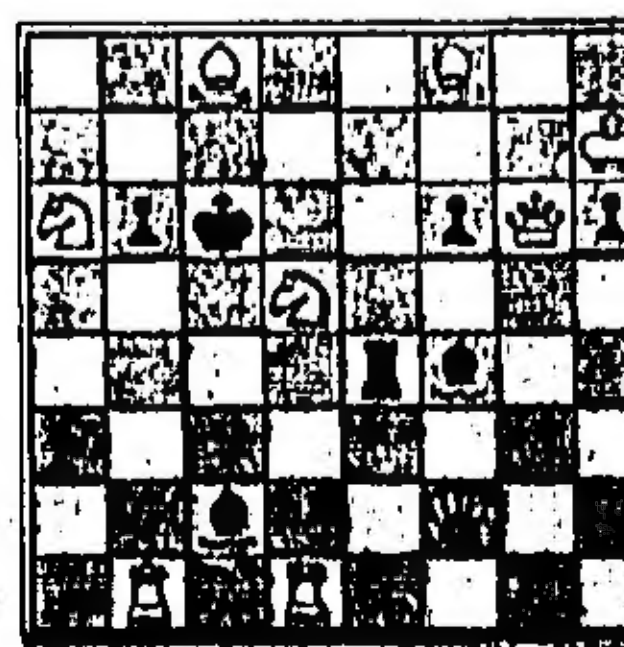
—If you have been stymied lately in an attempt to put over an idea, you should find the lights are green today.

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)

—Make your bid for exactly what you want now. A promotion is possible. Come up with a good idea for action.

CHESS

by LEONARD GARDEN



A problem by J. Haring (L'Espresso, Schachklub, 1954). White mates in two.

Solution No. 5378: 1. R-xP ch! 2. P-xR. P-Q5: Resolves, because of Q-Q4 ch.

PARADE

A COLUMN OF THE UNUSUAL ABOUT PEOPLE AND PLACES AND THINGS.

ALL Because some gullible all-investing fans thought their favourite was being ill-treated Madison Square Garden had its forest riot in years. Hundreds of frenzied spectators broke chairs into weapons, hurled bottles, battled the wrestlers, and knocked down policemen.

A four-man team fight sparked the riot. Jerry Graham and Dick (The Bruiser) Amis were having the daylight beaten out of them by Antonio Rocca and Edouard Carpentier.

Between holds they snarled the usual "insults" at the spectators. Then, in a routine manoeuvre, Rocca pretended to smash Graham's head against a ringpost.

A little blood spouted and Graham's true to the tradition, smeared it to make it look worse. That's when the script was lost. One of the spectators thought it was real. He threw a chair. Now the fight was in earnest.

The Bruiser caught the chair and whammed a charging spectator. Bottles rained from the gallery like confetti. Two men tried to attack The Bruiser. He picked them up bodily and threw them over the ropes. Fights started all over the place as spectators tried to reach the ring.

The Garden police were overwhelmed. An S.O.S. brought 33 other policemen from the nearest station. Two of them were trampled on and badly hurt before the mess was cleaned up.

Mrs. Luisa Tuffano, aged 23, of Naples was taken for a car ride by her husband.

And on the traffic-jammed Domiziano highway just outside the city she asked her husband to stop.

For a mile behind the car traffic piled up. Impatient drivers hooted. Mr. Tuffano's husband tried to pacify the impatient drivers and was finally able to say: "Everything is now all right. We can drive off. My wife has just given birth to wonderful twins—both boys."

STATE Frenchmen smoke less than anyone else in Europe—and all because of a war made by Napoleon in 1810.

The President of the French Tobacco Growers' Association said so in Paris. He added that because of the law the Treasury lost \$50 million in profit and taxes every year.

Tobacco is a state monopoly in France. Tobaccoists make no effort to push sales for after

they sell \$200 worth their profit margin is cut by four per cent.

As a result the average Frenchman smokes 3.3 lbs. of tobacco and cigarettes, costing \$4, against the average European's 4.4 lb. costing \$6.00.

HOME Two counterfeiters have been arrested near Nice—because of the size of their electricity bill. It came to \$200 for two months, and that aroused the suspicion of the electricity authority.

The police broke into the house occupied by the forgers and found out why they were burning so much electricity. They used 15 electric radiators to dry notes as they left the press.

They also found 300,000 freshly-printed dollar bills, printing equipment—and a book in English on "How to Make Dollars."

SLEEP Accused of falling asleep

FOOD Long Island highway, Bernard Olsen, 38, pleaded that he was not drunk.

From his rolpolose, knock-out and yet in his warm car. The same thing happened to him last Christmas. "I always bring home Scandinavian food for Christmas."

He identified rolpolose as a meat, knock-out and yet in his warm car.

The judge, without arguing the sadative value of the delicacies, suspended sentence.

MARLENE Quote: "The most beautiful women

are the ones who are the least successful in picking the right man. The fact is that most beautiful women in history have had unhappy romances."

GREEN Because a health

inspector at Bury St. Edmunds in Britain complained about a pair of green shirtwaists in a New Zealand cheese, a dairy factory worker, Arthur Samson, was fined \$5 at Kaitake.

New Zealand hamlet 12,172 miles away.

Samson was found guilty of wilfully damaging goods in the process of manufacture.

"I tore the sleeves of my shirt I was wearing and chucked them in a cheese vat

to get one back on the foreman," he said. "I now work on Dad's farm."

COLLEGE These old-fashioned rules are creeping back to Purdue University, Indiana, the experimental "make your own rules" college where boys and girls share the same living quarters (but not the same rooms).

Now the order has gone out to co-eds at Purdue to limit goodnight kisses on dates to one short one with "little or display of emotion." Failure to comply will put offenders on the carpet before the partly student-controlled "Board of Standards for Co-eds."

DOPE A drug expert who treats opium addicts at St. John's Island, off Singapore, said people would be better off smoking one pipe of opium a day than 15 cigarettes.

He explained that many addicts who had been cured of the opium habit now craved for cigarettes supplied generously during treatment.

PINK Red-faced police at

P.C. Whitty, Ontario, were forced to admit in court that exhibit No. 1 in a theft charge—a concrete mixer—had been stolen from the police lock-up.

"DEAR Lee Chu Wing, 32, LOVE" whose two wives fought over him, was told by a magistrate in Penang, North Malaya:

"As the row started over which of them loved you more, it is only fair that you pay their \$22 fine for creating a disturbance."

ONE The El Dorado, Arkansas, judge hearing the divorce petition of Mrs. Betty Eschelman wanted him to decide who should have the custody of a seven-year-old dog.

Both parties in the case are blind and they jointly own the dog.

PRINCESS Thirty-seven-year-old rubber tapper

PRESENT Long Chin, captured a half-grown leopard with his bare hands and presented it to seven-year-old Princess

Marim, daughter of the Sultan of Johore.

ANSWERED Lightning split and killed a

Bukit Mertajam, North Malaya, killing 20-year-old Lee Peng Wah, who was praying at a shrine in the trunk for good luck in his new marriage.

SPORTING Frank Burnett, 33, GESTURE told the judge why he made so much clatter when he robbed a sporting equipment shop:

"I can't get a job because I'm unskilled. I wanted to go to prison to learn a trade."

Singapore

Last Sunday, the Archbishop of St. Andrew's Cathedral, tried out the jazz church music written by the Reverend Geoffrey Beaumont of St. George's, Canterbury, London.

Fundists shook their heads and foretold disaster. The change was too radical, churchgoers would not stand for it.

This week, they were proved wrong. The congregation was doubled.

BOYS AND GIRLS PAGE SOLUTIONS:

THAILAND CROSSWORD:

ACROSS: 1. RAP, 2. MEN, 3. PUP, 4. ARA, 5. RMP, 6. TEE.

DOWN: 1. RAP, 2. MEN, 3. PUP, 4. ARA, 5. RMP, 6. TEE.

SCRAMBLED SENTENCE: The port of Bangkok, through which passed the bulk of Thailand's imports and exports, is the Siam River.

THAILAND CROSSWORD: 1. RAP, 2. MEN, 3. PUP, 4. ARA, 5. RMP, 6. TEE.

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JACOBY ON BRIDGE

Luck Is Not All In Breaks

By OSWALD JACOBY

TODAY'S hand is reminiscent of the classic bridge story of the kibitzer who criticised the bidding severely. When it was pointed out that the contract had been made he retorted, "Sure, but you played it wrong!"

The six-diamond contract is a bad one. The hand should have been played at four spades. However, the fault lies with North. His rebid should have been two spades, not three diamonds.

South was lucky enough to get a club opening. A heart lead would have cooked his goose right away. He won the lead with dummy's jack and led the jack of diamonds. East played low and South went right up with the ace. This dropped West's singleton king and South made 13 tricks.

There were cries of "Horse-shoes" and "Did you get a peek?" South accepted the good luck but claimed correctly that he

had made the right play. He pointed out that he did not need to pick up the king of diamonds to win the hand as long as East held three of that suit.

Here's how the play would have gone if West's singleton diamond had been a small one: South would have run spades. He would ditch a heart on the third spade and lead a fourth. East's best play would be to trump low. In that case South would overruff, load the queen of clubs and overtake with dummy's king.

The fifth spade would now allow a discard of his one remaining heart. East would make his king of diamonds but that would be all.

2-Card Sense

Q—The bidding has been:

North East South West
1♥ Pass 2♦ Pass
2♥ Pass 3♥ Pass
3♥ Pass 4♥ Pass

You, South, hold:

4♥ 5♦ 6♣ 7♠ 8♣ 9♠ 10♣ 11♠ 12♣ 13♠ 14♣ 15♠ 16♣ 17♠ 18♣ 19♠ 20♣ 21♠ 22♣ 23♠ 24♣ 25♠ 26♣ 27♠ 28♣ 29♠ 30♣ 31♠ 32♣ 33♠ 34♣ 35♠ 36♣ 37♠ 38♣ 39♠ 40♣ 41♠ 42♣ 43♠ 44♣ 45♠ 46♣ 47♠ 48♣ 49♠ 50♣ 51♠ 52♣ 53♠ 54♣ 55♠ 56♣ 57♠ 58♣ 59♠ 60♣ 61♠ 62♣ 63♠ 64♣ 65♠ 66♣ 67♠ 68♣ 69♠ 70♣ 71♠ 72♣ 73♠ 74♣ 75♠ 76♣ 77♠ 78♣ 79♠ 80♣ 81♠ 82♣ 83♠ 84♣ 85♠ 86♣ 87♠ 88♣ 89♠ 90♣ 91♠ 92♣ 93♠ 94♣ 95♠ 96♣ 97♠ 98♣ 99♠ 100♣ 101♠ 102♣ 103♠ 104♣ 105♠ 106♣ 107♠ 108♣ 109♠ 110♣ 111♠ 112♣ 113♠ 114♣ 115♠ 116♣ 117♠ 118♣ 119♠ 120♣ 121♠ 122♣ 123♠ 124♣ 125♠ 126♣ 127♠ 128♣ 129♠ 130♣ 131♠ 132♣ 133♠ 134♣ 135♠ 136♣ 137♠ 138♣ 139♠ 140♣ 141♠ 142♣ 143♠ 144♣ 145♠ 146♣ 147♠ 148♣ 149♠ 150♣ 151♠ 152♣ 153♠ 154♣ 155♠ 156♣ 157♠ 158♣ 159♠ 160♣ 161♠ 162♣ 163♠ 164♣ 165♠ 166♣ 167♠ 168♣ 169♠ 170♣ 171♠ 172♣ 173♠ 174♣ 175♠ 176♣ 177♠ 178♣ 179♠ 180♣ 181♠ 182♣ 183♠ 184♣ 185♠ 186♣ 187♠ 188♣ 189♠ 190♣ 191♠ 192♣ 193♠ 194♣ 195♠ 196♣ 197♠ 198♣ 199♠ 200♣ 201♠ 202♣ 203♠ 204♣ 205♠ 206♣ 207♠ 208♣ 209♠ 210♣ 211♠ 212♣ 213♠ 214♣ 215♠ 216♣ 217♠ 218♣ 219♠ 220♣ 221♠ 222♣ 223♠ 224♣ 225♠ 226♣ 227♠ 228♣ 229♠ 230♣ 231♠ 232♣ 233♠ 234♣ 235♠ 236♣ 237♠ 238♣ 239♠ 240♣ 241♠ 242♣ 243♠ 244♣ 245♠ 246♣ 247♠ 248♣ 249♠ 250♣ 251♠ 252♣ 253♠ 254♣ 255♠ 256♣ 257♠ 258♣ 259♠ 260♣ 261♠ 262♣ 263♠ 264♣ 265♠ 266♣ 267♠ 268♣ 269♠ 270♣ 271♠ 272♣ 273♠ 274♣ 275♠ 276♣ 277♠ 278♣ 279♠ 280♣ 281♠ 282♣ 283♠ 284♣ 285♠ 286♣ 287♠ 288♣ 289♠ 290♣ 291♠ 292♣ 293♠ 294♣ 295♠ 296♣ 297♠ 298♣ 299♠ 300♣ 301♠ 302♣ 303♠ 304♣ 305♠ 306♣ 307♠ 308♣ 309♠ 310♣ 311♠ 312♣ 313♠ 314♣ 315♠ 316♣ 317♠ 318♣ 319♠ 320♣ 321♠ 322♣ 323♠ 324♣ 325♠ 326♣ 327♠ 328♣ 329♠ 330♣ 331♠ 332♣ 333♠ 334♣ 335♠ 336♣ 337♠ 338♣ 339♠ 340♣ 341♠ 342♣ 343♠ 344♣ 345♠ 346♣ 347♠ 348♣ 349♠ 350♣ 351♠ 352♣ 353♠ 354♣ 355♠ 356♣ 357♠ 358♣ 359♠ 360♣ 361♠ 362♣ 363♠ 364♣ 365♠ 366♣ 367♠ 368♣ 369♠ 370♣ 371♠ 372♣ 373♠ 374♣ 375♠ 376♣ 377♠ 378♣ 379♠ 380♣ 381♠ 382♣ 383♠ 384♣ 385♠ 386♣ 387♠ 388♣ 389♠ 390♣ 391♠ 392♣ 393♠ 394♣ 395♠ 396♣ 397♠ 398♣ 399♠ 400♣ 401♠ 402♣ 403♠ 404♣ 405♠ 406♣ 407♠ 408♣ 409♠ 410♣ 411♠ 412♣ 413♠ 414♣ 415♠ 416♣ 417♠ 418♣ 419♠ 420♣ 421♠ 422♣ 423♠ 424♣ 425♠ 426♣ 427♠ 428♣ 429♠ 430♣ 431♠ 432♣ 433♠ 434♣ 435♠ 436♣ 437♠ 438♣ 439♠ 440♣ 441♠ 442♣ 443♠ 444♣ 445♠ 446♣ 447♠ 448♣ 449♠ 450♣ 451♠ 452♣ 453♠ 454♣ 455♠ 456♣ 457♠ 458♣ 459♠ 460♣ 461♠ 462♣ 463♠ 464♣ 465♠ 466♣ 467♠ 468♣ 469♠ 470♣ 471♠ 472♣ 473♠ 474♣ 475♠ 476♣ 477♠ 478♣ 479♠ 480♣ 481♠ 482♣ 483♠ 484♣ 485♠ 486♣ 487♠ 488♣ 489

